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ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

THE LADY'S BRYDALLE.

"Come hither! come hither, my little foot-page,
And beare to my gay Ladye
This ring of the good red gowde, and be sure
Rede well what she telleth to thee:

"And take tent, little page! if my Ladye's cheeke
Be with watching and weeping pale,
If her locks are unkempt, and her bonnie eyes red,
And come back and tell me thy tale.

"And marke, little page! when thou showest the
ringe,
If she snatcheth it hastilye—
If the red blood mount up her slender throate,
To her forehead of ivorye;

"And take good heede, if for gladnesse or grieve,
So chaungeth my Ladye's cheere—
Thou shalt know by her eyes—if their light laugh out
Throw the miste of a startynge tear;

"(Like the summer sun throwe a morninge cloude)
There needeth no further token,
That my Ladye brighte, to her own true Knighte,
Hath keepit her faithe unbroken.

"Now ryde, little page! for the sun peeres out
Ower the rimme of the eastern heaven;
And back thou must bee, with thye tydinges to mee,
Ere the shadowe falles far at even."

Awaye, and awaye! and he's far on his waye,
The little foot-page alreddye,
For he's back'd on his Lord's owne gallant graye,
That steede so fleete and steddye.

But the Knighte stands there lyke a charmed man,
Watchinge with ear and eye,
The clatteringe speede of his noble steede,
That swifte as the wynde doth flye.

But the wyndes and the lightnings are loiterers alle
To the glaunce of a luvyr's mynde;
And Sir Alwynne, I trowe, had call'd Bonnybelle
slowe,
Had her fleetnesse outstrippit the wynde.

Beseemed to him, that the sun once more
Had stayedde his course that daye—
Never sicke man longed for morninge lighte,
As Sir Alwynne for eveninge graye.

But the longest daye must end at last,
And the brightest sun must sette.
Where stayedde Sir Alwynne at peepe of dawne,
There at euen he stayedde him yette:

And he spyethe at laste—"Not soe, not soe,
'Tis a smalle graye cloude, Sir Knighte,
That risethe up like a courser's head
On that border of gowden lighte."

"But harke! but harke! and I heare it now—
'Tis the cominge of Bonnybelle!"
"Not soe, Sir Knighte! from that rockye height
'Twas a clattering stone that felle."

"That slothfulle boy! but I'll thinke no more
Of him and his lagging jade to-daye:"—
"Righte, righte, Sir Knighte!"—"Nay, more by this
lighte,
Here comethe mye page, and mye gallant graye."

"Howe nowe, little page! ere thou lighteste downe,
Speake but one word out hastilye;
Little page, hast thou seen mye Ladye luv?e
Hath mye Ladye keepit her faithe with mee?"—

"I've seene thy Ladye luv, Sir Knighte,
And welle hath she keepit her faithe with thee."—
"Lighte downe, lighte downe, mye trustye page;
A berrye browne barbe shall thy guerdon bee.

"Tell on, tell on; was mye Ladye's cheeke
Pale as the lilye, or rosie red?
Did she putte the ringe on her finger smalle?
And what was the verye firste word she said?"—

"Pale was thy Ladye's cheeke, Sir Knighte,
Blent with no streake of the rosie red.
I put the ringe on her finger smalle;
But there is no voice amongste the dead."

* * * * *
There are torches hurrying to and froe
In Raeburne Tower to-nighte;
And the chapelle doth glowe withe lampes alsoe,
As if for a brydalle ryte.

But where is the bryde? and the brydegroome where?
And where is the holye prieste?
And where are the guesstes that shoulde bidden bee,
To partake of the marriage feaste?

The bryde from her chamber descendeth now,
And the brydegroome her hand hathe ta'en;
And the gwestes are met, and the holye prieste
Precedeth the marriage traine.

The bryde is the faire Maude Winstanlye,
And death her sterne brydegroome;
And her father follows his only childe
To her mother's yawning tombe.

An aged man, and a woefull man,
And a heavye moane makes hee:
"Mye childe! mye childe! myne only childe!
Would God I had dyed for thee!"

An aged man, those white hairs telle,
And that bended back and knee;
Yet a stalwart knight, at Tewkesburie fighte,
Was Sir Archibald Winstanlye.

'Tis a moving thing to see the teares
Wrung out from an aged eye;
Seldom and slowe, lyke the scantye droppes
Of a fountaine that's neare a-drye.

'Tis a sorrye sighte to see graye haire
Bro't downe to the grave with sorrowe;
Youth looks throwe the cloud of the present daye
For a gowden gleame to-morrowe.

But the olde white heade, and the feeble knees
Berefte of earthlye staye!—
God helpe thee nowe, olde Winstanlye!
Good Christians for thee praye!

But manye a voice in that buriall traine
Breathes gloomye aparte,
"Thou had'st not been childlesse now, olde man!
But for thine owne hard harte."

And manye a maide who streweth flowers
Afore the Lady's biere,
Weepes out, "Thou had'st not dyed, sweete Maude!
If Alwynne had been heere."

* * * * *

What solemn chaunt ascendeth slowe?
What voices peale the straine?—
The Monks of St. Switholm's Abbeye neare,
Have met the funerall traine.

They hold their landes, full manye a roode,
From the Lordes of Raeburne Tower,
And ever when Deathe doth claim his preye
From within that lordlye bowere,

Then come the holye fathers forth
The shrowdedde corse to meete,
And see it laid in hallowed grave,
With requiem sadde and sweete.

And nowe they turn, and leade the waye
To that last home so nigh,
Where all the race of Winstanlye
In dust and darknesse lye.

The holye altar blazethe brighte,
With waxen tapers high,
Elsewhere in dimme and doubtfull lighte
Doth all the chapelle lye.

Huge, undefined shadows falle
From pillar and from tombe,
And many a grimme old monumente
Lookes ghastlye throw the gloome.

And many a rustye shirte of mail
The eye may scantlye trace,
And crestedde helmet, black and barr'd,
That grinns with stern grimace.

Banner and scutcheon from the walles
Wave in the cold night aire,
Gleames out their gorgeous heraldrye
In the ent'ring torches glare.

For now the mourninge companye,
Beneathe that arched doore,
Beare in the lovelye, lifeless claye,
Shall pass there-out no more.

And up to the sounding aisle, ye stille
Their solemn chaunte may heare,
Till, 'neath that blazon'd catafalque,
They gentlye rest the biere.

Then ceaseth ev'rye sounde of life
So deepe that awfull hushe,
Ye hear from yon freshe open'd vaulte
The hollowe death-winde rushe.

Back from the biere the mourners alle
Retire a little space,
All but that olde bereavedde manne,
Who taketh there his place

Beside the head; but none may see
The workings of his minde,
So lowe upon the sunken breaste
Is that graye head declined.

* * * * *

The masse is said, they raise the dead,
The palle is flunge aside;
And soon that flower untimelye cropped,
The darksome pit shall hide.

It gapeth close at hand—deep downe
Ye may the coffins see
(By the lampe's pale glare, just kindled there)
Of many a Winstanlye.

And the gilded nails on one looke brighte,
And the velvet of cramoisie!
She hath scarce lain there a full told yeare,
The laste Dame Winstanlye.

"There's roome for thee here, oh daughter deare!"
Methinks I heare her saye—

"There's roome for thee, Maude Winstanlye!
Come downe, make no delaye."

And from the vaulte, two grimlye armes
Upraised, demaunde the dead—
Hark! hark! 'tis the thunder of trampling steedes;
'Tis the clank of an armed tread!

There are armed heads at the chapelle doore,
And in armour all bedighte,
In sable steele, from head to heele,
In steps a stately knight.

And up the aisle, with echoing tread
Alone advanceth he,
To barre his waye, dothe none essaye
Of the fun'ral companye.

And never a voice amongst them alle
Dothe ask who he mote be ;
Nor why his armed steppe disturbes
That sad solemnitie.

Yet manye an eye with fixed stare
Doth sternlye on him frowne ;
But none may trace the strangerre's face,
He weares his vizorre downe.

He speakes no worde, but waves his hande,
And straighte they all obeye ;
And everye soule that standethe there,
Falles back to make him waye.

He passethe on—no hande dothe stirre—
His steppe the onlye sounde ;
He passethe on—and signs them sette
The coffinne on the grounde.

A momente gazinge downe thereon,
With foldedde armes doth staye ;
Then stoopinge, with one mightye wrenche,
He teares the lidde awaye.

Then risethe a confused sounde,
And some half forward starte,
And murmur sacriledge, and some
Beare hastilye aparte

The agedde knighte, at that strange sighte,
Whose consciounesse hath fledde ;
But signe nor sounde disturbethe him,
Who gazethe on the dead.

And seemethe, as that lovelye face
Doth alle exposed lye,

As if its holye calme o'erspreadd
The frowninge faces bye.

And nowe, beside the virginne corse,
Kneels downe the stranger knighte,
And up his vizorr'd helme he throwes,
But not in open sighte.

For to the pale, colde, clammye face,
His owne he stoopethe lowe,
And kisseth first the bloodlesse cheeke,
And then the marble browe.

Then, to the dead lippes glued, so long
The livinge lippes do staye,
As if in that sad, silente kisse
The soule hadde passed awaye.

But suddenne, from that mortalle trance,
As withe a desp'rate straine ;
Up, up, he springes ! his armoure ringes !
The vizorre's downe againe.

With manye a flowerre, her weeping maides,
The Ladye's shrowde have dressed ;
And one white rose is in the falde
That veils her whiterre breaste.

One goldenne ringlette, on her browe,
(Escappede forthe) doth straye ;
So, on a wreathe of driftedde snowe,
The wintrye sunbeames playe.

The mailedde hande bathe ta'ene the rose
From offe that breste so fayre ;
The faulchion's edge, from that pale head,
Hath shorne the goldenne hayre.

One heavy sighe ! the firste and laste,
One deep and stifede groane ;
A few long strides—a clange of hooves—
And the armedde strangerre's gone !

PERCY MALLORY.*

(Extracted from Blackwood's Magazine.)

AMONG the rest of those sciences, beneficial and ornamental, which have been making huge strides of progress during the last fifteen years, the advancement of the art of novel-writing (in this country) stands very eminently distinguished. "Mrs. Roche" has ceased to rave ; and, if she raved still, no man would mark her. "Mr. Lathom" can no longer terrify the prentices nor "Anne of Swansea" now delight the ladies boarding-schools. "Mrs. Bluemantle" (alas, poor "Bridget !") has washed her hands (of ink) for ever ; and but a water-colour kind of reputation is left to Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. Helme. Harp of Leadenhall Street, thy strings are cracked past mending !—Messrs. Lane and Newman's "occupation's gone !"

In fact, (poetry apart,) the *standard* of novel-writing has changed among us. That which was the "trash" (*eo nomine*) "of the circulating libraries," the circulating libraries now can circulate no more.

Nonsense will be printed in the year 1824, but not much that is *pure*, unadulterated nonsense. The dog-eared darlings of the dressmakers' work-rooms have been at auction for the last time ! "Miss Nimifie" and "Miss Moffat," and all the "ladies" and "gentlemen" of "fashion," have jumped up, to be "knocked down," at seven-pence-halfpenny a volume ; and the cheesemonger smiles, for, at the

* Percy Mallory, a novel, in three volumes, by the author of Pen Owen. Edinburgh 1824.

next transfer, he knows them for his own.

For an array of new combatants have burst into the literary field, who canter, and caracole, and bear down all before them! There is the Waverly knight—he of the hundred weapons;—and his war-cry rings loudest on the plain. There is the author of *Valerius*, in his Roman armour; and the Ettrick Shepherd, with his knotted club; and there is Hope, on his barb of the desert; and Galt, in his pawkie costume; and Maturin, with his frightful mask; and Washington Irving, just in his silk doublet, throwing darts into the air, and catching them again, and riding as easily as if he were on parade; and then there are the Amazons, equipped after every fancy and fashion! Miss Porter, waving her Polish lance, and Miss Edgeworth, holding up her *ferula*, and the authoress of “*Marriage*,” (in Miss Jacky’s green joseph,) tucked up upon a pillion; and Lady Morgan, astradelle, (and in French breeches,) since she has taken to be mad about politics! and poor old Mrs. Thickenwell, and her friends, are no more able to stand their ground against the trampling, and jostling, and capering, of this rabble rout, than a washing-tub (with a north-west wind,) could be fit to carry sail in the Bay of Biscay, or a poney chaise hope to pass unpulverized through Bond Street, in July.

A modern novel, indeed, if it hopes ever to be *cut open*, must show talent of some kind or other. Accordingly, we find, one author trusts to passion, another, to invention; one, to an acute perception of what *is*; another, to a vigorous fancy for what he *cannot be*. One brings to market wit—another, metaphysics—a third, descriptive force—a fourth, poetic feeling—a few, like the Waverley writer, bring the rare faculty of managing a long story; but very few venture to come at all, who cannot bring some faculty or other.

People commonly find out the value of any qualification best, in A, when, proceeding in their speculations, they fail to meet with it in B. The peculiar felicity of the Scottish novelist, in the business of telling a story, strikes us

now perhaps from a certain want of the same power in the author before us. But it is curious to observe the manner in which that extraordinary writer contrives to maintain as perfect an arrangement through his *history* of four volumes, as the Italian *conteur* ever did in his *anecdote* of four pages. The Tuscan artist built pavillions—the Scottish sorcerer raises cities; Boccaccio can steer a gondola, amid the “crinkum crankum” of a Venetian canal; but the author of Waverley is “The Flying Dutchman,” who doubles Cape Horn in the eye of the wind. The Italian prances along, to a hair’s breadth, in his *cabriolet*, the prettiest Pall Mall pacing in the world! but the Waverley man draws THE MAIL “through”—“from London to Edinburgh”—“twice a week!”—He looks to his “way-bill”—takes care of his passengers, loses no parcels, and never “drags” an inch of the road! He has got his four “big ones”—“well in hand”—before him. His “five-and-thirty hundred weight,”—“live and dead load,” behind him. He gets his four “insides” up, and his three “out”—his “bags”—his “time-piece”—spare whip, and six great coats. The horn blows—he handles the “ribbands”—lets go the traces: off they go, and he comes in, five hundred miles off, without cracking a splinter bar, sleeps his six hours, has his boots cleaned, and is ready to start again.

Piecemeal, perhaps, we might match the author of Waverley, but we cannot match him as a whole. He awakens an impatience in us as to the fate of his *dramatis personæ*, from the very moment that we are introduced to them. He keeps us straining, and “craning,” and tiptoeing, after his catastrophe, and trotting along, with our noses in the air, like the hackney coach-horses of Dublin, who are coaxed forward by a pole with hay upon it, pushed from the window of the carriage before them. We are always villainously inclined, before we have got a hundred pages into his book, to kill the goose at once, and get the eggs out of the last volume; and we are just now (as we observed before) put in excellent condition to admire the dexterity and facile conduct of this author, the adroitness with which he keeps

constantly dragging his readers on, neck and heels, (sometimes, too, by the way, when they might be inclined to grumble a little, if he allowed them time to stop,) by the want of that same facility being the chiefest defect of the writer whose work lies before us for dissection.

"Percy Mallory, a novel, by the author of Pen Owen." It's a pretty practice this, upon "the living subject;" and we are inventing (only it must be a great secret) an improved system of "operative" surgery, by which we propose, shortly, to "cut up" authors in an entirely new way! In the meantime, however, we will open Monsieur Pen Owen, "from the systole, to the diastole." So!—one cut across the abdomen, from right to left; another incision (transverse) about from eight to eleven inches. There! now we shall see what the gentleman is made of.

The author of "Percy Mallory" has great talents, and his books will be generally read; but, either he has not the knack of *managing* a narrative, or he will not be at the trouble of exercising it. His main excellence lies in the rapidity and boldness with which he sketches character. He is a quick observer of men's habits and oddities, and has a clever sort of idea of their passions and affections; he writes a smart, *petillant* dialogue, with great apparent facility, and gives the chit chat, in general, of a mixed company, with an adroitness hardly to be exceeded.

Against these "good gifts" in an author, there are some grievous ill tricks to be set off. We would wager, although we don't know who he is, that he could write farces as fast as he could move his pen. He has the "touch and go" faculty (so lauded in the manager's room) as light as any gentleman we ever met with. No man is less likely to overlay a conversation, or under-

stands better the advantage of "shifting a scene;" but, in return, a general heedlessness makes his transitions pantomimic; his "situations" fall out inartificially, and his means are seldom proportioned to his end; he sets a great deal of machinery to work, which he cannot manage when it is in action; he makes a great bustle where he comes to a difficulty, walks round it, and fancies that he has overcome it. The links that connect his tale are often clumsy, and sometimes inefficient; and probably incident, or accurate description, are points upon which he seldom pauses to attend.

But he doesn't prose, and therefore we won't do it for him.—

His present work is better, upon the whole, than Pen Owen; but its faults (and they are not few) are pretty generally of the same character. In both novels, the great charm lies unquestionably in the display of a very extraordinary measure of practical shrewdness and knowledge of life. In addition to this, Pen Owen had a strong spice of *political*, and this book has a strong spice of *romantic* interest. The author appears to be gaining skill as to the management of fable; although we are far from wishing him to believe that he is not still much below what he might make himself as to this point. In that and other minor matters he may and must improve; we certainly can scarcely hope to see him better than he is already in regard to certain qualifications of a much higher order—qualifications in which he certainly is not surpassed by any living author, in any style whatever—the charming idiomatic character of his language—the native flow of his wit—his keen satire and thorough acquaintance with man, as man exists in the 19th century, and more especially as he exists in LONDON.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

"And Moses was a hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."—*Deuteronomy* xxxiv. 7.

A shadow passed before me, and the form
Of dying Moses on my vision rose:
Albeit he wore upon his aged brow
All that youth has of passionate and warm.
I looked once more, and saw the fatal scroll
On which 'twas writ the Prophet was to die;
And o'er his face th' eternal curtains roll,
Drawn by the hand of sweet Euthanasy.

His placid cheek assumed no paler dye
When his pure spirit burst from life's controul,
Nor age had cast her dimness on his eye;
But the bright angel that received his soul
Threw such unearthly calmness in his air,
That I had never deem'd the blight of Death was
there.

CHEMICAL ESSAYS. NO. II.

CALORIC—ELECTRICITY.

WE have before observed, that caloric has the power of expanding all bodies. This expansion varies exceedingly in the various substances upon which it acts. Different metals expand in different degrees. To show these variations, instruments called pyrometers have been invented. Upon this principle, thermometers have been formed: they are tubes with a bulb at the bottom; the air is excluded from them, and some liquid (generally spirits of wine or mercury) is introduced into the bulb, which by its expansion or contraction, measured by a scale affixed to the tube, shows the temperature of the bodies with which it is brought into contact.

The most important powers then of free caloric to which we have alluded, are its tendency to an equilibrium, its power of radiation, of expansion, and of conducting. We will now pass on to examine our second modification of caloric; namely, *specific* or *combined caloric*. The study of this part of heat we may subdivide into two branches: first, the specific heat of bodies while they retain the same state; second, the heat connected with or developed by a change of state.

The specific heat of a body is that which is as it were imprisoned in it: for the only heat we can feel is the free caloric with which it parts, consequently the thermometer can form no test for the specific heat of bodies. The quantity of heat required to raise different bodies an equal number of thermometric degrees, is quite different. If, for instance, we take water, alcohol, mercury,* and oil, and heat them in tin vessels by the heat of an oven, we shall find that they will not all arrive at any given point of heat at the same time. The oil will be the last to acquire the temperature, the alcohol next, and then the water; the mercury will first reach it. Nor can this arise from the different conducting powers of the

various fluids; for if they are now all poured into water of the same temperature, (when they will give out all the caloric they have absorbed,) it will be found that the oil will heat the water most, and so on in succession; thus clearly showing that different bodies have different *capacities* for caloric.

But we will now proceed to our second division of specific heat: the heat connected with or developed in the changes of state. This is generally called *latent heat*. The sudden changes of bodies from a solid to a liquid, and from a liquid to a gaseous or aeriform state, and the reverse of these, give the body new capacities for caloric. In the changing of ice into water, great heat is absorbed; this becomes latent in the newly formed liquid. In the same way, to carry on the experiment, when water is boiled, it does not rise in temperature after it has once reached the boiling point, because the additional heat it acquires is employed in changing the water into steam, and becomes *latent heat* in the newly formed vapour. On the other hand, the latent heat of a liquid may be made *sensible*, by any method which we can adopt for solidifying it: for it may be remarked, (though with several exceptions,) that the more solid bodies have frequently less capacity for caloric than others which are less solid. If we mix sulphuric acid and water, we shall find, that sufficient heat is evolved to raise the thermometer considerably above the boiling point. The cause of this is, as we before saw, that through some disposition of chemical affinity, the particles of the acid and the water enter into composition in a much more *solid* form, the *capacity* for caloric is diminished, and that which was *latent heat* in its less condensed form, is now sensible, or free caloric, becoming sensible as it is evolved. Another example may be found in the slaking of quick-lime. The heat which is here produced arises from the water and the lime entering into a more solid form; and the *capacity* for caloric being les-

* Mercury was anciently called quick-silver, from its resemblance to silver. The name is not yet quite laid aside.

sened, the latent heat of the water is evolved, and becomes sensible. There is one more striking instance of the effect produced by the demand for caloric to be converted into latent heat; namely, in the cold produced by evaporation. This is very great in the evaporation of spirits of wine, ether, and other fluids which evaporate quickly. Here the caloric is absorbed by the spirits of wine, when converted into a state of vapour, to exist in the vapour in the shape of latent heat. In very hot climates, the cold produced is so intense, that a large animal may be actually killed by the frequent application of ether to his body. In India, ice is produced during the night, by evaporating water in large and very shallow vessels, so that a large surface shall be exposed to the air.

We have now discussed the subject of heat, or caloric. Its *chief* chemical use is as a *solvent*. As water destroys the attraction of cohesion by introducing its particles between the particles of the body acted upon, so fire acts with regard to many bodies which are not acted upon by water. Caloric introduces its particles, and thus renders the body more liable to be acted upon by other chemical operations.

We will now advert to our last general power, *electricity*; and here we must content ourselves with a mere cursory and popular view of the subject, as it would carry us to a far greater length than our limits will admit, were we to attempt to enter into its more abstruse speculations.

If we rub with a dry hand, or with a silk handkerchief, a glass tube, and then bring it near to bits of paper, cotton, or, which is better, gold-leaf, it will first attract these bodies, and then repel them. If when the atmosphere is dry, we take a glass rod in one hand, and a stick of sealing-wax in the other, and having rubbed one of them, approach it to a bit of gold-leaf floating in the air, it will repel, and then attract it: if while the one repels it, we rub the other, and approach it to the particle, it will attract it; and thus you may proceed for any length of time, alternately repelling and attracting.

Such are some of the phenomena of

this fluid in its weakest state: when collected in larger quantities by instruments which we shall hereafter describe, it appears as a spark. As for its operations, almost all the minute changes as well as the grander luminous appearances of matter, seem to originate in it.

There are several substances, such as glass and sealing-wax, which, by friction or other methods, seem to acquire an increased quantity of the electric matter from the atmosphere. We will mention some of these in the order in which they naturally occur, placing the more powerful bodies at the head of the list, and decreasing gradually to the close.

1. SHELL LAC.
2. AMBER.
3. RESINS.
4. SULPHUR.
5. WAX.
6. ASPHALTUM.

7. GLASS, and all vitrified bodies containing diamonds, and chrystalized transparent minerals.
8. RAW SILK.
9. PAPER.
10. BAKED WOODS, &c.

On the other hand, there are certain substances which do not partake in the least of the power to which we have just alluded, but which favour the distribution of electricities when they are acquired. Among these we may rank first the metals. The following is a list of a few of the best *conductors* of electricities, as these are termed, in opposition to the former class, which are termed *electrics*, and *non-conductors*.

1. COPPER.
2. SILVER.
3. GOLD.
4. IRON.
5. TIN.
6. LEAD, &c.
7. CHARCOAL.

8. DILUTE ACIDS.
9. WATER.
10. ICE and SNOW, above 0°
11. LIVING ANIMALS.
12. SMOKE.
13. VAPOUR.
14. DRY EARTHS.

But not to enter at present more at large upon this part of our subject, which would well merit a particular lecture, we will pass on to galvanism, a branch of electricity more especially connected with chemistry. Galvani, a professor of natural philosophy of Bologna, discovered, that when a piece of any kind of metal was laid on the nerve of the leg of a recently killed frog, provided the nerve rested on some other metal, the leg suddenly moved on a communication being made between the two pieces of metal. This was soon found to be effected by a fluid of the same nature as electricity. A mechanism was soon formed, by means of which this fluid might be collected.

It is a trough of earthenware, with plates of zinc and copper soldered together in pairs, each pair being fixed at regular distances from each other, and the interstices filled with fluid; the best is acid diluted in water. By this means the electric fluid is produced, and carried on from one plate to another, till it reaches the extremity, where a wire made of platina receives it. The fluid evolved at the one wire is positive electricity, or the same as we before stated was obtained from glass; that at the other wire negative, answering to what was obtained from the friction of sealing-wax or resin.

There are two theories with regard to the cause of this: one, that it arises in some way from the contact of the zinc and copper; this is supported by Sir Humphrey Davy; the other is called the *chemical* explanation, which we will here give. According to this, the acid of the water *oxidizes** the zinc,

and renders it unable to retain so much electricity as it had before. It accordingly gives it out to the fluid, which conducts it to the *opposite* plate of copper. Hence it passes to the succeeding plate of zinc, whence it is driven as before. The same action continues to the end. The chief difference between the electricity we obtain by the common glass machine and the voltaic or galvanic battery, is, that the latter gives us the fluid in the most intense state, the former in the greatest quantity.

The method of explaining the action of the electrical machine, according to the theory just mentioned, is, that the amalgam* put on the latter, obtains from the atmosphere *oxygen* by friction.

We have thus cursorily noticed the powers and properties of matter, under the four heads of the attraction of cohesion, the chemical or heterogeneous attraction, caloric, and electricity.

(Europ. Mag.)

THE LAST SHILLING.

THE clock struck six, as Harry Craven issued from his obscure lodging in Burleigh-street, Exeter Change, to attend his professional duties, in the orchestra, at one of the minor theatres, in the southern division of the metropolis. It was a dismal November evening; a dense fog obscured the atmosphere; yet he walked forward with a firm, buoyant step, for Harry had a light heart, and a clear conscience, and was not yet eighteen. In crossing Waterloo Bridge he did not encounter a single passenger; all above, before, around him, was loneliness and gloom; while the dark watery expanse flowing silently below, showed through the beautiful balustrade with an appalling dreariness. Harry was touched with a feeling of melancholy; but the emotion was

transient, and the unbidden sigh which arose to his lip terminated in a merry whistle.

About three hundred yards beyond the second toll, he came up with a woman, who was standing with her back towards him, as though avoiding observation, holding by the wall that skirts the foot-path, and leaning her cheek upon the stone parapet. Her tattered garb bespoke extreme poverty; her arms were bare, and the slight covering that was spread over her shoulders was drenched with the heavy dew. She asked no alms, she uttered no lamentations; but the sound of her bitter sobs reached Harry's ear, and arrested his progress. He briefly enquired the source of her suffering, and was soon enabled to gather from her broken, incoherent accents, that she was the mother of a large family, reduced to a state of the most abject distress and destitution, and having been unsuccessful during the day in her attempts to

* Here, as before, regularity obliges us to defer the explanation of some of the terms which we are compelled to use. In the acid there is a certain part of the acid and of the water called oxygen. This has a great inclination to unite with all metals, but with some more than others. It lessens the conducting power of those with which it unites.

† Amalgam is a metallic compound formed of mercury, zinc, and tin, with some oil or grease.

obtain some relief to their necessities, she had formed a resolution to drown herself, rather than return home to brave the unanswerable cries of her children's hunger. "But, oh! my baby," she exclaimed, "my own dear baby, what must become of you;" and the tears that gushed from her eyes seemed drops of blood wrung from her heart, by the torturing thought of her infant perishing for want. Harry's hand was instinctively in his pocket; there was but one single coin remaining there, and that was a love token! a curious shilling of the reign of Queen Anne; but the end justified the means; his time was pressing; he hastily drew forth the keepsake of his absent fair, and putting it into the woman's hand, ran off towards the theatre; while the object of his compassionate bounty sunk, overwhelmed with gratitude, on her knee, pouring out fervent benedictions on the head of her youthful benefactor, for his unsolicited and timely aid.

Harry was a sad, thoughtless, unthrifty cashier; his salary, such as it was, was always mortgaged a fortnight in advance; yet the boy had so much of honour and honesty about him, that his fellow-performers, or even the manager himself, never hesitated to lend him a guinea at any time. On this evening he executed his part, as *secondo violino*, with unusual ability and spirit; and when the performance was over, adjourned with a musical colleague, to a tavern in the neighbourhood, which the persons belonging to the theatre were accustomed to frequent.

"Come," said Harry's companion, when they had made an end of their refreshment, "show us your metal, my lad; hand up some semi-quavers."

"Devil a doit have I got," answered Harry, "not a single demi-semi to buy a bit of rosin," turning out his pockets as he spoke, to evince their utter emptiness.

"Why, where's your silver pocket-piece?" exclaimed the other; "your *Anna Regina*? the lady's head without a tongue in it. I thought you always carried it about you, just to swear by, and to pay for your swearing; a shilling's the change for taking an oath you know."

"Oh," replied Craven, hesitatingly, "I've lost it, that is, I gave it away just now."

"Fie, for shame," rejoined his friend, "give away the seal of your mistress's constancy! why, I'd as soon have parted with the great seals of England."

"The fact is," said Harry, in exculpation, "I used it to bribe a poor devil of a woman not to throw herself into the Thames; though, mayhap, I was a fool for my pains, for it's odds if the world of waters, or any other world, be not better than this one."

Harry then recounted the incident he had met with on his way to the theatre, adding, "I'd gladly give a sovereign this moment to redeem that old shilling; and it's not worth more than eight-pence, I guess, to any one but me."

"Ah, you're a noble rascal," cried his messmate; "I don't want your cash. There, mine host, subtract two-thirds out of that half-crown."

The landlord, who had been standing near the box during the latter part of the dialogue, bowed respectfully as he offered the change; and eyeing Craven with a marked expression of kindness, wished his customers a cordial "good night;" and the two friends shortly afterwards left the house. It was a few days subsequently to this that Harry, being engaged one morning at rehearsal, received a message, desiring to be spoken with by a person who refused to give his name; and, on descending to the box-office, was surprised to find the landlord of the Wellington Arms waiting to see him; who at once declared the object of his visit by proffering to the astonished Harry the identical piece of money that he had bestowed in charity; at the same time explaining how it had come into his possession by saying, that having been asked its worth by a baker in the neighbourhood, who stated that he had taken it of a poor woman in payment for a loaf of bread, on the very night in question, and having heard Harry bewail the loss of such a coin, he bartered with the baker for its full nominal value, in order that he might have the satisfaction of restoring it to its original owner. Harry, delighted with the re-

covery of his treasure, after making a thousand acknowledgments, drew out his purse to substantiate his gratitude; but the worthy old man declining his liberality, took Harry apart, and after briefly commenting on the youth's candour and generosity, went on to say, that, if he felt inclined to relinquish his present unprofitable pursuit, he would be happy to appoint him major domo of his own lucrative concern. "I have got neither chick nor child," said he. "I once had a boy, indeed, he might be about your age, but the perverse dog went to sea and was lost; and my wife is but a poor sickly thing, so I am obliged to confide the business almost entirely to servants, who consider it, I presume, their chief duty to cheat me of every sixpence that they possibly can; but now, if you will come and put

your honest hand foremost among 'em, I warrant it should be as much to your gain, as it would be to mine."

"Strike hands, most princely Boniface, I take your offer," cried Craven. "Henceforth I abandon drawing the bow, for drawing of beer; and, 'flow thou regal purple stream,' with accompaniments, be my morning and evening song."

Preliminaries were soon adjusted, and it was not long before Harry was installed in his new office, where he conducted himself with the utmost integrity; married an amiable and reputable young woman of his own rank in life, and in the course of a few years the whole property of the inn devolved to himself; which he directed should in future be known by the sign of the *Queen's Head*. ARIETTA.

(Sel. Mag.)

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DEADLY FIERY WIND.

NUMBERS xi. 1. "*The fire of the Lord burnt among them.*"

This is now generally understood as referring to the *deadly fiery wind*, which sometimes appears in the eastern deserts. MAILLET mentions its being felt in the desert between Egypt and Mecca, in part of which the Israelites wandered for forty years. "If the north wind," he observes, "happen to fail, and that from the south comes in its place, then the whole caravan is so sickly and exhausted, that three or four hundred persons are wont in common to lose their lives; even greater numbers, as far as fifteen hundred, of whom the greatest part are stifled on the spot, by the *fire* and dust of which this fatal wind seems to be composed.

J. E. FABER is likewise of opinion, that by the fire of the Lord in the above passage, we are to understand the fiery poisonous wind described by MAILLET.

THEVENOT, who set out from Suez to Kahira, informs us, that on the journey they had for a whole day or more such a hot wind, that they were obliged to turn their backs to it, and had their mouths filled with sand whenever they

opened them. That the water which the caravan had with it was so heated by it, that it seemed as if it came from the fire, so that they were not able to drink it. The camels were so affected by this wind that they refused to eat. Its fury, however, lasted only six hours; if it had continued longer, half the caravan must have perished. The year before a similar wind had destroyed two thousand persons of the caravan going to Mecca.

NIEBUHR not only confirms these accounts, but adds some other particulars. "It is in the desert, between Bassorah, Bagdat, Aleppo, and Mecca, that we heard most of the poisonous wind Samum. The Arabs in the desert being accustomed to a pure air, are said to be able to discover its approach; and as it blows in a horizontal direction, and consequently has not so great a force near the surface of the earth, they throw themselves on the ground while it is yet at a distance. Nature also is said to have taught animals to hold their heads close to the ground when the wind approaches." "One of my servants," Mr. Niebuhr continues to observe, "who was with a caravan from Bassorah to Aleppo,

was overtaken by this wind : some of the Arabs in the company had called out in time, that they should throw themselves on the ground ; none of those who did this received any injury, but some of the caravan, and among these a French surgeon who wished to examine this phenomenon accurately, had been too secure, and perished in

consequence. When a man is suffocated with this wind, blood is said to flow from his nose and ears two hours after his death. The body is said to remain long warm, to swell, to turn blue and green, and if the arm or leg be taken hold of to raise it up, the limb is said to come off."

CUSTOM OF MAKING PRESENTS.

1 SAMUEL ix. 7. "*Then said Saul to his servant, But, behold, if we go, what shall we bring the man ? for the bread is spent in our vessels, and there is not a present to bring to the man of God : what have we ?*"

"We all dined at Consul Hastings' house, and after dinner went to wait upon Ostan, the Bassa of Tripoli, having first sent our present, as the manner is among the Turks, to procure a propitious reception. It is counted uncivil to visit in this country without an offering in hand. All great men expect it as a kind of tribute due to their character and authority, and look upon themselves as affronted, and indeed defrauded, when the compliment is omitted. Even in familiar visits among inferior people, you shall seldom have

them come without bringing a flower, or an orange, or some such token of their respect to the person visited."

MAUNDRELL.

BRUCE, after noticing some insignificant present which he had received from an individual who wished to obtain a favour from him, remarks, "I mention this trifling circumstance, to show how essential to civil intercourse presents are considered to be in the East : whether they be dates or whether they be diamonds, they are so much a part of their manners, that without them an inferior will never be at peace in his own mind, or think that he has hold of his superior for protection. But superiors give no presents to their inferiors."

THE FIGURATIVE STYLE OF SCRIPTURE.

ALTHOUGH sceptical readers of the Bible may be disposed to ridicule some of those figures which appear to them extravagant, and even absurd ; yet any one who lends an impartial attention to the subject, will clearly perceive that the occurrence of imagery which would be frequently obscure, and sometimes unintelligible to us, was to be expected in any composition formed on the models of our sacred writings.

1. The innovating hand of time has rendered many things obsolete ; and, consequently, the allusions which in metaphorical language are made to those things must be difficult, if not impossible, to be understood. And when we recollect that some portions of the Scriptures were written more than 3000 years ago, and that the latest of them were written between 1700 and 1800 years ago, it would have been very remarkable had we lost sight of none of those customs and none of

those events on which the figures of Scripture are founded.

2. The difference between the scene and climate in which the sacred writers lived, and our own, forms another barrier to the right understanding of their figurative terms. This prevents us often from perceiving the full force of a passage even when its beauty, nevertheless, powerfully affects the mind. Thus when the Psalmist says, "*As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God,*" it is impossible not to be affected by the combination of chaste elegance of expression with vehement ardour of feeling. Yet in our temperate clime, where water is scarcely ever known to fail, where the sun is scarcely ever known to pour his sickening ray upon our heads, we are not prepared to enter into all the beauty of the figure, as an inhabitant of Judea would have done. Again, the hart

is not with us a wild animal, subject to the various privations which it was compelled to endure in regions where the sun had burned up its food, and dried the streams at which it was accustomed to slake its thirst. It would be no unusual thing, however, for an Israelite to see this inoffensive animal exhausted and fatigued, and panting for a drop of water; and, consequently, the application of the figure to the Psalmist's desire after God would convey an impression far more forcible than can be produced by it on our minds.

Jeremiah 49, we have a figure still more peculiar to the land of Judea. *He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of the Jordan against the habitation of the strong.* In this passage too, there is obvious beauty and even sublimity of description; but it is considerably more obscure to us than the former. It would however be perfectly familiar and intelligible to those for whom it was first written. What we here know of a lion is chiefly by description, and by the exhibition of a few of these monarchs of the four-footed race encaged in caravans. These are comparatively small and feeble, and at the same time so tame through confinement and the discipline of keepers, that they show us nothing of the true character of that unrivalled animal, who walks in conscious superiority through the forest, or bounds with resistless speed and violence across the plain, and fills, by his tremendous roaring, a whole neighbourhood with terror. The river Jordan, too, is so dissimilar to our rivers, as to increase the obscurity of the passage to those who are not acquainted with the peculiarities of its course. When the snows of Lebanon and of the neighbouring mountains began to melt, and when the rainy season commenced, the mountain torrents rushed into the vale below, and regularly caused Jordan to overflow all its banks, and thus inundated all the adjoining lowlands. The lion had his abode among the lofty reeds which grew on the bank of this river; and when the descending waters caused Jordan to swell so as to invade his resting-place, he was driven to madness by the intrusion of an enemy whom he

could not resist, and flew to revenge himself against the inhabitants of the adjoining cities. How striking a picture of the rage and violence of an invading army!

In the second verse of the fourteenth chapter of Hosea, the prayer of repenting Israel is, "*Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously, so will we render the CALVES of our lips.*" To an English ear there is something grating in the expression "*the CALVES of OUR LIPS,*"—and without a knowledge of Jewish peculiarities, we shall not understand it. But when we remember that *calves* were among the best of the sacrifices which were offered up to God, we gain at once a key to the explanation, and a view of the beauty of the figure. The passage, in our language, means simply this; So will we render the best sacrifice of praise from our lips.

3. The dress and manners of the ancients was exceedingly different from ours. Their loose and flowing raiment formed a perfect contrast to the tight and inelegant garb of our own time and country. A knowledge of this is necessary to explain many passages of Scripture. The girding-up of the loins is frequently mentioned in places which allude either to diligence in labour, or to swiftness in running the appointed course. Now it is obvious, that a long, loose robe, would be very inconvenient to servants who required to have their hands much at liberty, and to be able to stoop with ease in the performance of their work; and also to those who had to move quickly, and required that their steps should not be impeded, nor their feet entangled by the length of their garments. To remedy this, they always had a girdle, by means of which, when they had gathered up the skirts of their garment, they fastened it round their loins. To one who knew that he could neither work nor run without having recourse to this measure, how forcible would be such passages as these—*Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men who wait for their Lord. Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope unto the end, &c.*

It were easy to extend observations of this kind, and to produce other causes of obscurity in the various figures which are employed in the page of inspiration. The truth is, that similar difficulties present themselves in all the classical productions of antiquity; and it would have been a strong argument against the genuineness of the Scriptures, had they been wanting in that style of speaking and thinking which were peculiar to the times in which they were written.

There is only one more remark on this subject to which the attention of the reader is particularly requested; and that is, the difficulty of conveying the true import of a figure in a translation. Let the reader take a French book, and, regardless of the idiom of the two languages, and of the different class of figures employed by them, let him translate literally, and how much will he lose of the beauty and, in many cases, of the sense of the original!

Now in the translation of the Bible there is less liberty allowed to the imagination, and even judgment of the translator, than in any other book. His business is not to embellish, and not even to give his own explanation of passages, but to put his reader in possession of the plain Word of God. He must not sacrifice correctness to beau-

ty; he must not aim at what he thinks the spirit of the passage, while he neglects the letter; because, in so doing, he may have missed its true meaning; he may have mistaken the nature of the allusion, and then he entails his own mistake upon posterity. But if he translates accurately, though the passage may be obscure to himself and to his readers, yet perhaps the information brought home by some traveller who has observed the custom of eastern nations, or the discovery of some book of antiquity, may throw light upon it, and enable us to perceive beauties which were before concealed, and which would have remained in darkness had the translator taken the liberty which translators of other books are permitted to take with impunity.

Making then due allowance for these several circumstances, which hinder us from perceiving many of the excellences of Scripture, we are still constrained to acknowledge that there is no book that can stand a comparison with the Bible—none, which labours under such great disadvantages to the developement of its peculiar beauties of composition, and which yet rises far above them all, exhibiting those specimens in every style of writing and of thinking, which are above all imitation and all praise.

LONDON LYRICS.

(New Mon.)

POOR ROBIN'S PROPHECY.

When girls prefer old lovers,
When merchants scoff at gain,
When Thurtell's skull discovers
What pass'd in Thurtell's brain;
When farms contain no growlers,
No pig-tail Wapping-wall,
Then spread your lark-nets, fowlers,
For sure the sky will fall.

When Boston men love banter,
When loan-contractors sleep,
When Chancery-pleadings canter,
And common-law ones creep:
When topers swear that claret's
The vilest drink of all;
Then, housemaids, quit your garrets,
For sure the sky will fall.

When Southey leagues with Wooller,
When dandies show no shape,
When fiddlers' heads are fuller
Than that whereon they scrape:

When doers turn to talkers,
And Quakers love a ball;
Then hurry home, street-walkers,
For sure the sky will fall.

When lads from Cork or Newry
Won't broach a whisky flask,
When comedy at Drury
Again shall lift her mask:
When peerless Kitty utters
Her airs in tuneless squall,
Then, cats, desert your gutters,
For sure the sky will fall.

When worth dreads no detractor,
Wit thrives at Amsterdam,
And manager and actor
Lie down like kid and lamb;
When bard with bard embraces,
And critics cease to maul,
Then, travellers, mend your paces,
For sure the sky will fall.

When men, who leave off business
With butter-cups to play,
Find in their heads no dizziness,
Nor long for "melting day:"

When cits their pert Mount-pleasants
Deprive of poplars tall;
Then, poachers, prowl for pheasants,
For sure the sky will fall.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their honest joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

WHY aye, day after day we hear and read of great men's actions and their fame; but who is there beside a sheave of the old block would endeavour to snatch from oblivion the memorial of the humble Tar? No, no, the world's too busy bespattering their foes, or bepraising their friends, to heed the "auncient marinier." But to me—oh there is a rich treat in it far beyond what the antiquarian feels when he takes the rusty farthing out of the vinegar, expecting at least to find a CÆSAR. However, I hate detraction—"Jack un a son gout" is my old motto. For myself, I love to steal in unperceived among a group of old Pensioners, and listen to their *tails* of the olden time. There is a secret pleasure in notoriety when honourably acquired. Ask — whether he never felt a gratification at hearing the whisper as he passed along, "That's C — the poet, that's the author of —." Well, so it is with me; I square my wig by the lifts and braces, get my spectacles a cock-bill, mount my sky-scraper hat with a dog-vane, and sally forth into the College. A graceful bow, like the heave-and-set of a Dutch dogger in a head sea, always attends my entry at the gates; and I pass on among the loud remarks of "That's he! that's the litter-hater gemman—him as sends our yarns for the Head-it-er to spin." Once or twice, 'tis true, I have been annoyed by some pickled dog willing to preserve his wicked jest, who has sent a stale quid whistling by my left ear, to show his knowledge of Latin in declining quis-quis. But who is there, unmoved, can look at the grey-haired veteran—timber to the heel—his mathematical moon-raker topp'd to port, and his left arm upon either shoulder swinging about like the spanker-boom

in a calm, a good-humoured smile, and "What cheer! what cheer!" for every one he meets? Death and he have been playmates ever since he was a little powder-monkey in the *Thunder*; and though that gentleman has often grinn'd at him, and smugg'd (as the boys say) a bit of him now and then, he still lives in spite of his teeth, a French abridgement of an English work. Oh if I could persuade you once, Mr. Editor, to pass an hour at the Jolly Sailor, it would leave an impression upon your mind, never, to be erased. There all is honesty and truth; though to do them justice they can stretch the fox a bit, such as seeing the Purser running round the grater of Mount Vesuvius for making dead men chew tobacco, and placing the stoppages of grog to his own account; or a long story of the mermaids (as they pass'd the ships of a morning watch) with their pails, going to milk the sea-cows. "Aye, aye, (says old Sam,) I remembers a merman in the Mediterranean; he was about the civillest fellow of the kind I ever met with, for after dancing a hornpipe he comes alongside, and pulling off his hat to the Captain, asked to light his pipe by the binnacle lamp, for his wife had got drunk and let the fire go out, and they had chips only once-a-day." But then to hear them talk of wounds and battles, while the names of the gallant heroes of the wave as 'familiar in their mouths as household words'—names that once warmed the Briton's heart with glowing ardour,—Howe, Duncan, Nelson, Collingwood, Malcolm, and a hundred others, are 'in their flowing cups freshly remembered,' and each pointing to his scars, will tell of the feats done in his day. A few evenings since I took my usual seat in the room, (a snug corner being appropriated to the *absent* man,) and resting my head upon my hand, appeared involved in thought. "Ah! them were the times, messmate,

(said Dick Willis,) when they used to get their bread and cheese; bad luck to old — for ever inventing water to grog! Howsomever, we are never satisfied, and shouldn't be content if they made us Lords of the Admiralty. I recollects as if it was but yesterday, when Nelson led us at Trafalgar, eh, Hameish?—that was a glorious day for England! You remember Mr. Rivers, a smart, active Midshipman, that lost his leg? I understands he's a Captain now—a worthier fellow never wore a head; nay, there wasn't a man a-board (though his precious limb was dock'd) that could beat him in going aloft; and I've seen him lead down a dance with his wooden pin flourishing away as well as the nimblest there. Almost the first as was killed fell close to Nelson; I shall never forget the look he gave! and when he received his own wound, 'twas as if the shot had pierced every heart in the ship. But he's gone, messmate, he's gone! Well, here's success to him wherever he is; *we* shall never look upon his like again. And my brave Commander, Collingwood, he too has slipt his moorings, and got a moneymint in St. Paul's, though I can't make any thing of it. Mayhap it may be all right, for I don't understand harkey-ecture and Greek; but yet I should have liked to have seen some-ut like himself." "Why, (says Jem Breeching,) "it's the fashion, and they wear 'em so now—Poor Joe Thompson—he lost his life—that Trafalgar business. We were messmates together in the — frigate. He used to tell a comical story about his old mother. She was a press-biter or a methodiss, I don't know which—howsomever, before he got press'd, he sailed in a merchant-man, and the dame had waited a long time in anxious expectation of hearing from him. At last the letter arrived at the village, and all hands ran to hear the news, but the old lady chose to peruse it first; and because she couldn't read herself, the clerk of the parish was sent for, and then she found that her son 'had been driven into the Bay of Fundi by a pam-poosa right in their teeth. It blow'd great guns,' wrote Joe, 'and we carried away the bolt-sprit; a heavy sea

wash'd overboard the binnacle and the companion; the Captain lost his quadrant, and couldn't keep an observation for fifteen days: at last we arrived safe at Halifax.' 'Read it again, neighbour.' Again the letter was read. 'Once more, neighbour.' This too was complied with: when the old girl, thinking she'd got it all by heart, sallied forth, big with importance. 'Well, Dame, what news?' cried a dozen voices. 'Oh! my poor son'—'I hopes no mischief, dame'—'Thank God! he's safe! But he has been driven into the Bay of Firmament by a bamboozle right in the teeth. It blow'd great guns'—'La! bless us; what a wonder they wasn't all beat to atomys—well, I wouldn't be a sailor'—'Ah! but that warn't the worst—they carried away the pulpit—a heavy sea washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his conjuration, and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days—at last they arrived safe at Hallelujah.' Poor Joe was desperately fond of soaking his biscuit, and always got groggy whenever he could. Once I remember we were refitting in Portsmouth harbour, and lay over on the Gosport side, just above the old Gladiator, and so many hands had liberty every day. It was Sunday afternoon, and the first lieutenant, with the other officers, were walking the quarter-deck, Joe bowled aft, and dowsing his hat, ask'd leave to go on shore. 'No, Thompson,' said the lieutenant, 'it is not in my power.' 'Only for half an hour, Sir.' 'I cannot grant it.' 'I have been five years, Sir, without ever touching land, Sir, and if you don't let me go, I shall die.' 'You know, Thompson, if you go on shore you'll get drunk, kick up a row, and I shall be condemned—besides, the Captain's orders are positively against it.' Away went Joe forward to look over the gang-way. Back again he came, 'For ten minutes, Sir; indeed I won't get moon-eyed.' 'Not for one minute.' 'Only let me put my toes ashore.' 'Well, Thompson, (says the lieutenant,) if you like to go and tramp in the mud there (pointing towards Haslar Hospital) for the next two hours, you're welcome; but not a step fur-

ther.' 'Thank ye, Sir;' and down below he went. We all pitied him, 'cause he was a hearty fellow, and we knew the officer was only in joke. Up came Joe again, full dress'd. 'I'm ready, Sir.' 'Ready! ready for what?' 'To take a walk, Sir.' 'Why, Thompson, you could hardly think me serious.' 'I hope you won't go from your word, Sir.' A burst of laughter and surprise came from all hands; but Joe persevered, and was actually landed on the mud in his white dress, where he continued to travel to and fro, in the presence of some hundreds of spectators, till his two hours were expired, when he hailed to be taken aboard, and was as perfectly satisfied as he would have been with a week's liberty. He was a dry subject, though always wetting.' 'The Gladiator, (said Jack Rattlin,) why that was the time Sir I—C—had his flag flying aboard of her. Him as used to make us march like sodgers, two and two, in the Dock-yard; and one day our midshipman had only three hands ashore, and we

were going up to the rigging loft, when the flag lieutenant ordered him to make us fall in agreeable to the regulations. Well, there he was for about an hour facing us to all points of the compass. At last the Admiral catch'd sight of us: 'Halloo! halloo, Officer! what are you doing here?' 'I'm endeavouring to make the men fall in two and two, Sir; but as there are only three of them, I can't do it for the life o' me, though I have been squaring them all manner of ways.' I think I can see him now—his scraper athwart ships, white small-clothes, and military boots, (a famous hand at his legs;) then his eyes as keen as a northerly gale. There wasn't a Middie on the station but will remember him all the days of his life; and as for the Warrant Officers, to hear him call out, 'Halloo! Master Carpenter there, with the scupper leather boots!' But he was a smart Officer, and knew his duty, and while he lives may he never forget it."

AN OLD SAILOR.

HAJJI BABA OF ISPAHAN.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

WHEN Anastasius first made its appearance, everybody thought Lord Byron was taking to write prose; for there was no living author but Lord Byron supposed capable of having written such a book. When Byron denied the work, (and, in fact, his lordship could not have written it,) people looked about again, and wondered who the author could be. But, when the production was claimed by Mr. Thomas Hope, who had heretofore, written only about chairs and tables, and not written very well about chairs and tables neither, then the puzzlement of ratiocinators became profounder than ever.

All that could be made out at all in common between Mr. Hope and Anastasius, was, that Mr. Hope had had opportunities of getting at the local information which that book contained. He had visited those parts of the world in which the scene was chiefly laid; and had resided in some of them (as at Constantinople) for a considerable period.

But Anastasius, though full of circumstance which necessarily had been connected by travel, was (that circumstance, all of it, apart) a work of immense genius, and natural power. The thing told was good; but the manner of telling it was still better. The book was absolutely crammed with bold incidents, and brilliant descriptions—with historical details, given in a style which Hume and Gibbon could scarcely have surpassed; and with analysis of human character and impulse, such as even Mandeville might have been proud to acknowledge. Material, as regards every description of work, is perhaps the *first* point towards success, it is not easy for any man to write ill, who has an overflow of fresh matter to write about.

But Anastasius was anything rather than a bare combination of material. The author did not merely appear to have imbued himself completely, with a scarce and interesting species of information, and to have the power of

pouring that information forth again, in any shape he pleased; but he also seemed to have the power, (and withal, almost equally the facility,) of originating new matter, of most curious and valuable quality. He paraded a superfluity of attainment at one moment, and showed a faculty to act without any of it the next; displayed an extraordinary acquired talent for drawing MAN, as he is in one particular country; but a still more extraordinary intuitive talent for drawing man, as he is in every class, and in every country.

His capacity for producing effect was so extended, that he could afford to trifle with it. Anastasius was not merely *one* of the most vigorous, out absolutely *the* most vigorous, of the "dark-eyed and slender-waisted heroes," that had appeared. We liked him better than any of his cater cousins, because the family characteristics were more fully developed in him. The Giaours had their hundred vices, and their single virtue; but Anastasius came without any virtue at all. The Corsairs were vindictive, and rapacious, and sanguinary, as regarded their fellow-men; but Anastasius had no mercy even upon *woman*.

The history of Euphrosyne is not only the most powerful feature in Mr. Hope's book; but, perhaps, one of the most powerful stories that ever was written in a novel.

There is a *vraisemblance* about the villainy of that transaction, which it sickens the soul to think of. Crabbe could not have dug deeper for horrible realities; nor could the author of the *Fable of the Bees*, have put them into more simple, yet eloquent and energetic, language. For throughout the whole description of Euphrosyne's situation, after she becomes the mistress of Anastasius—his harsh treatment of her in the first instance, by degrees increasing to brutality—his deliberately torturing her, to compel her to leave him, even when he knows she has not a place of refuge upon earth—her patient submission, after a time, only aggravating his fury, and his telling her, in terms, "to go!" that "he desires to see her no more!" Through-

out all this description, and the admirable scene that follows—his leaving her when she faints, believing her illness to be affected—the nervous forebodings that come over him, afterwards, at the banquet, until, at length, he is compelled to quit the party—hurries home—and finds her gone! Throughout the whole of this narrative, there is not an epithet bordering upon inflation. The writer never stops to make a display of his feelings; but keeps up the passion as he goes on, merely by keeping up the action of the scene. The simplicity all through, and the natural elegance of the style, catches attention almost as much as the commanding interest of the subject. The tale is *one* of the most painful that ever was related; and it is told in the plainest, and most unaffected possible manner.

And it is the great art of Mr. Hope, in this story of Euphrosyne, as in the conduct of a hundred other criminalities into which he precipitates his hero—throwing him actually into scrapes sometimes, as though for the pleasure of taking him out of them again—it is the author's great art, that, with all his vices, Anastasius never thoroughly loses the sympathy of the reader. There is a rag of good feeling—a wretched rag it is, and it commonly shows itself in the most useless shape too (in the shape of repentance)—but there is a remnant of feeling about the rogue, (though no jot of moral principle,) and a pride of heart, which, with romance readers, covers a multitude of sins; and upon this trifle of honesty, (the very limited amount of which is a curiosity,) joined to a vast fund of attractive and popular qualities—wit, animal spirits, gay figure, and personal courage—he contrives, through three volumes, to keep just within the public estimation.

And apart too from, and even beyond, the interest of the leading characters in Anastasius, there is so much pains laid out upon all the tributary personages of the tale; the work is got up with the labour of a large picture, in which the most distant figure is meant to be a portrait. Suleiman Bey

—Aly Tchawoosh—the Lady Khadegé—Anagnosti—the Jew apothecary—Gasili, the knight of industry—even the brave Panayoti—there is not a personage brought in anywhere, even to fill up a group, who has not a certain quantity of finish bestowed upon him.

Then the historical episodes. The character of the Captain Pacha, and the circumstances which lead to his appointment in the Morea. Djezzar (the Butcher) and his atrocities—in the third volume. The court of Suleiman Bey in Egypt, and the march of Hassan Pacha into that country. The nervous terseness and brief style of these details, contrasted with the brilliant eloquence, the lively imagination, the strong graphic faculty, and the deep tone and feeling displayed in such passages as the bagnio—the first field of battle—the flight of Hassan Bey through the streets of Cairo—the death of the Hungarian Colonel—the *lives* of all the women—and, beyond all, the cemetery near Constantinople, and the reflections which arise on it in the third volume! If, besides all this, we recollect the occasional rich descriptions of local scenery; the wit and spirit of those lighter sketches which abound in the first and third volumes; and, especially, the polished, cultivated tone, and the gracefulness of style and manner, which runs through the whole work, it will not appear surprising that the production of Anastasius by an author of (comparatively) no previous estimation, should have been considered, in the literary world, as a remarkable event.

But, if it excited wonder that Mr. Hope should, on the sudden, have become the author of Anastasius, it will be found quite as surprising, that the author of Anastasius should ever have written Hajji Baba. The curiosity about this book was great; the disappointment which it produces will not be little; not that it is absolutely destitute of merit, but that it falls so very far below what the public expected.

It is not easy to get at the solution of a failure like this. Mr. Hope evidently means to do his best. He sets out with all the formality of a long introduction—Hajji Baba is only a prelude to much more that is to be effect-

ed. And yet the work is not merely, as regards matter, interest, taste, and choice of subjects, three hundred per cent at least, under the mark of Anastasius; but the style is never forcible or eloquent; and in many places, to say the truth, it is miserably bad. Some of this objection may be comparative; but objection must be so, and ought fairly to be so. If an author takes the benefit of a certain accredited faculty to get his book read, it is by the measure of that accredited faculty, that he must expect the production to be tried. We can drink a wine, perhaps, of thirty *sous*, as a wine of thirty *sous*, but we will not submit to have it brought to us as claret. We might manage, upon an emergency, to read a dozen lines of Lady Morgan; but who would read half a line, if she were to get herself bound up as Lady Montague? There are chapters in Hajji Baba that may amuse;—there are a great many, most certainly, that will not amuse;—but, perhaps, the easiest way of making its deficiencies apparent, will be to give a short outline of the production itself.

Mr. Hope sets out in the character of "Mr. Peregrine Persic," by writing to "Doctor Fundgruben," chaplain to the Swedish Embassy, at the Ottoman Porte—a letter which explains the intention of his book.

Mr. Persic is dissatisfied (and, perhaps, fairly, may be) with all existing pictures of Asiatic habits and manners; and he suggests the advantage of inditing, from "actual anecdotes" collected in the East,—a novel upon the plan of Gil Blas, which should supply the (as he views it) deficiency. Dr. Fundgruben approves the idea of Mr. Persic, but doubts how far any European would be capable of realizing it; he thinks an Oriental Gil Blas would be most conveniently constructed, by procuring some "actual" Turk, or Persian, to write his life. The discussion which follows between the friends, would not convey a great deal to the reader. What the Swedish Doctor opines—we will give his own words—"That *no* education, time, or talent, can ever enable a foreigner, in *any* given country, to pass for a native;"—this, (for a Doctor, who should mind

what he says) has a smack of exaggeration; and Mr. Persic's charge of obscurity against the Arabian Nights, (so far as he himself illustrates it,) seems to amount to nothing. At a period, however, subsequent to this supposed conversation, Mr. P. (who is employed himself upon an embassy to Persia) saves Hajji Baba, a Persian of some station, from the hands of an Italian quack Doctor; and, in gratitude for certain doses of calomel, by the English gentleman administered, the Ispahani presents his written memoirs, for the benefit of the English public.

Now here is a blot in the very outset of the book. Mr. Hope starts, most transparently, with Gil Blass in his eye, and never considers that a character perfectly fitted for a hero in one country, may not be so well calculated to fill the same *role* in another. The attention to Gil Blas is obvious. The chapters are headed in Le Sage's manner.—“Of Hajji Baba's birth and education.” “Into what hands Hajji Baba falls, and the fortune which his razors prove to him.” “Hajji Baba, in his distress, becomes a Saka, or water-carrier.” “Of the man he meets, and of the consequences of the encounter,” &c. &c. There are occasional imitations too, and not happy ones, of the style *coupée* of some of the French writers. An affectation of setting out about twenty unconnected facts, in just the same number of short unconnected sentences. A rolling up, as it were, of knowledge into little hard pills, and giving us dozens of them to swallow, (without diluent,) one after the other. This avoidance (from whatever cause it proceeds) of conjunction, and connecting observation, leads to an eternal recurrence of pronouns—rattling *staccato* upon the ear. It makes a book read like a judge's notes of a trial, or a report of a speech of a newspaper. And, indeed, throughout the work before us (we can scarcely suppose the author to have written in a hurry)—but, throughout the work, there is a sort of slovenliness; an inattention to minute, but nevertheless material, circumstances; which could scarcely, one would think, have been overlooked, if it had been cautiously revised.

Hajji Baba, however, is the son of a barber at Ispahan, and is educated to follow his father's profession. He learns shaving upon the “heads” of camel-drivers and muleteers—a field of practice more extended than barbers have the advantage of in Europe—and having got a smattering of poetry, and a pretty good idea of shampooing—some notion of reading and writing, and a perfect dexterity at cleaning people's ears:—at sixteen, he is prepared to make his *entrée* in society.

Starting as a barber, is starting rather low; and it is one material fault in our friend Hajji Baba, that, from beginning to end, he is a low character. Obscure birth is no bar to a man's fortune in the East; nor shall it be any hinderance to him among us; but we can't take cordially, East or West, to a commonplace fellow. Anastasius is meanly born, but he has the soul that makes all ranks equal. Beggar him—strip him—starve him—make a slave of him—still nature maintains him a prince, and the superior (ten to one else) of the man that tramples upon him. Like the Mainote captain, in that exquisite chapter of “The Bagnio,” he is one of those spirits which, of themselves, even in the most abject condition, will command attention and respect;—which, “like the cedars of Lebanon,” to use the author's own simile, “though scathed by the lightning of Heaven, still overtop all the trees in the forest.”

But it won't do to have a hero (certainly not in Turkey) an awkward fellow. We don't profess to go entirely along with Mowbray, in *Clarissa*, who, extenuating Lovelace's crimes, by reference to the enormities of somebody else, throws his friend's scale up to the beam, by recollecting that the counter rogue is “an ugly dog too!” But we think, if a hero is to be a rascal, that he ought to be rascal like a gentleman. Mr. Hope denies Hajji Baba even the advantage of personal courage. As he got on in his last work without virtue, so he proposes to get on in this without qualification. This is Gil Blas; but we wish Mr. H. had let imitation alone. Gil Blas (*per se*) is no great model, anywhere, for a hero. It is the book carries him through—not him that car-

ries the book. Gil Blas (that is the man) has a great deal more whim, and ten times more national characteristic, than Hajji Baba; and yet we long to cane him, or put him in a horse-pond, at almost every page we read. And, besides, Gil Blas, let it be recollected, Gil Blas was the ORIGINAL. We have got imitations of him already enough, to be forgotten. The French Gil Blas—and the German Gil Blas—and now, the Persian Gil Blas! It is an unprofitable task; at least, Mr. Hope, at all events, has made it one.

To proceed, however, with Mr. Hajji Baba, whom we drag along, as it were, critically, by the ears; and whose first step in public life is into the service of Osman Aga, a merchant of Bagdad. His father gives him a blessing, accompanied by “a new case of razors;” his mother adds “a small tin case of a certain precious unguent,” calculated to cure “all fractures and internal complaints;” and he is directed to leave the house with his face towards the door, “by way of propitiating a happy return.”

Osman Aga has in view a journey to Meshed, where he will buy the lamb-skins of Bokhara, and afterwards resell them at Constantinople. He leaves Ispahan with the caravan, accompanied by his servant; and both are taken prisoners by certain Turcomans of the desert. Hajji's sojourn among these wandering people, with their attack and pillage of the caravan, is given with the same apparent knowledge of what he writes about, which Mr. Hope displayed in Anastasius.

The prisoners, after being stripped, are disposed of according to their merits. Osman Aga, who is middle-aged, and inclining to be fat, is deputed to wait upon the camels of his new masters; Hajji is admitted a robber, upon liking, in which capacity he guides the band on an excursion to Ispahan, his native city.

The movement upon Ispahan is successful; the robbers plunder the caravanserai. Afterwards, in a lonely dell, five parasangs from the town, they examine the prisoners, who turn out not so good as was expected. A poet—a *ferash* (house servant) and a *cadi*;—

“egregious ransom,” seems hardly probable. The scene that follows has some pleasantry.

The poet (Asker) is doomed to death, as being an animal of no utility any where. Hajji, however, is moved with compassion, and interferes.

“‘What folly are you about to commit? Kill the poet! Why it will be worse than killing the goose with the golden egg. Don't you know that poets are very rich sometimes, and can, if they choose, be rich at all times, for they carry their wealth in their heads? Did you never hear of the king who gave a famous poet a *misca* of gold for every stanza that he composed? And—who knows?—perhaps your prisoner may be the king's poet-laureat himself.’”

This observation changes the face of the affair, and the Turcomans are delighted with poetry.

“‘Is that the case?’ said one of the gang; ‘then let him make stanzas for us immediately; and if they don't fetch a *misca** each, he shall die.’”

“‘Make on! make on!’ exclaimed the whole of them to the poet, elated by so bright a prospect of gain; ‘if you don't, we'll cut your tongue out.’”

At length it is decided that all the prisoners shall be spared; and the *cadi* is set to work to divide the booty among the thieves. When it comes, however, to Hajji's turn to share, he finds that he is to be allowed nothing, and thereupon resolves to escape from his new brethren; which he does on the first opportunity.

Arriving at Meshed, without any means of subsistence, he becomes first a “Saka,” a water-bearer, and afterwards an itinerant tobacconist, or “vender of smoke.” He afterwards gets acquainted with a party of dervishes—one, a man of sanctity—another, a story-teller—and a third, a talisman writer. He is bastinadoed by the *Mohthesib* for adulterating his wares, turns dervish himself and quits the city.

A variety of adventures, readable, but not worth talking about, then conduct Hajji to Tehran, and place him in the service of the king's chief physician. He reaches this promotion just as we are terribly tired of reading on, almost without knowing, or caring, about what, and recollecting how, in Anastasius, we stopped at every third page, to

* Twenty-four grains of gold.

read something or other half-a-dozen times over. At last our feelings get a filip, by *Monsieur* Hajji's falling in love.

Hajji Baba is a vulgar man, and of course makes but an indifferent lover. The lady, however, "holds her state," of whom he becomes enamoured, and prattles away through twenty pages very thoughtlessly and delightfully.

The spring has passed over, and the first heats of summer are driving most of the inhabitants of Tehran to sleep upon their house-tops. Hajji disposes his bed in the corner of a terrace, which overlooks the court-yard of his master's *anderun*, or woman's apartments; and, one night, looking over the wall, he sees a female in this court, whose figure, and her face, (as far as he can see it,) are exquisite. After gazing for some time, he makes a slight noise, which causes the lady to look up.

"And, before she could cover herself with her veil, I had had time to see the most enchanting features that the imagination can conceive, and to receive a look from eyes so bewitching, that I immediately felt my heart in a blaze. With apparent displeasure, she covered herself; but still I could perceive that she had managed her veil with so much art, that there was room for a certain dark and sparkling eye to look at me, and enjoy my agitation. As I continued to gaze upon her, she at length said, though still going on with her work,

[She is sorting tobacco leaves,]

"Why do you look at me?—it is criminal."

"For the sake of the sainted Hosien," I exclaimed, "do not turn from me; it is no crime to love—your eyes have made roast meat of my heart. By the mother that bore you, let me look upon your face again!"

"In a more subdued voice she answered me,—'Why do you ask me? You know it is a crime for a woman to let her face be seen, and you are neither my father, my brother, nor my husband; I do not even know who you are. Have you no shame to talk thus to a maid?'"

This is a touch of our author's true spirit; but, unfortunately, it is but transient. At this moment, she lets her veil fall (so showing her face) as if by accident;—but the voice is heard within, impatiently repeating the name of "Zeenab;" and she disappears, leaving Hajji nailed to the spot from whence she departed.

This lady, who sorts tobacco leaves, is a slave belonging to the chief physician, and an object of jealousy and dislike to his wife. The lovers meet on the next evening; and Zeenab's scandal about the affairs of the *harem* is as light and chatty as Miss Biddy Fudge's letters about "Pa!" and "Monsieur Calicot," and the "rabbit-skin" shawls.

"We are five in the harem, besides our mistress," said she: "There is Shireen, the Georgian slave, then Nur Jehan, the Ethiopian slave girl; Fatneh, the cook, and old Seilah, the duenna. My situation is that of hand-maid to the *khanum*, so my mistress is called; I attend her pipe; I hand her her coffee, bring in the meals, go with her to the bath, dress and undress her; make her clothes, spread, sift, and pound tobacco, and stand before her. Shireen, the Georgian, is the *sandukdar*, or housekeeper; she has the care of the clothes of both my master and mistress, and indeed the clothes of all the house; she superintends the expenses, lays in the corn for the house, as well as the other provisions; she takes charge of all the porcelain, the silver, and other ware; and in short, has the care of whatever is either precious, or of consequence, in the family. Nur Jehan, the black slave, acts as *ferash*, or carpet-spreader; she does all the dirty work; spreads the carpets, sweeps the rooms, sprinkles the water over the court-yard, helps the cook, carries parcels and messages, and, in short, is at the call of every one."

All this is delightfully *naïf*, and natural! One sees so plainly that Zeenab has not had any one to talk to for "these two hours."

"As for old Leilah, she is a sort of duenna over the young slaves; she is employed in the out-of-door service, carries on any little affair that the *Khanum* may have with other harems, and is also supposed to be a spy upon the actions of the doctor. Such as we are, our days are passed in peevish disputes, whilst, at the same time, two of us are usually leagued in strict friendship, to the exclusion of the others. At this present moment, I am at open war with the Georgian, who, some time ago, found her good luck in life had forsaken her, and she in consequence contrived to procure a talisman from a Dervish. She had no sooner obtained it, than, on the very next day, the *Khanum* presented her with a new jacket; this so excited my jealousy, that I also made interest with the Dervish to supply me with a talisman that should secure me a good husband. On that very same evening I saw you on the terrace—conceive my happiness!"

We will be crucified if there be not

six Zeenabs in every boarding-school for five miles round London.

"But this has established a rivalry between myself and Shireen, which has ended in hatred, and we are now mortal enemies; perhaps we may as suddenly be friends again."

Agreeable variety!

"I am now on the most intimate terms with Nur Jehan; and, at my persuasion, she reports to the *Khanum* every story unfavourable to my rival. Some rare sweetmeats, with *baklava* (sweet-cake) made in the royal seraglio, were sent, a few days ago, from one of the Shah's ladies as a present to our mistress; the rats eat a part of them, and we gave out that the Georgian was the culprit, for which she received blows on the feet, which Nur Jehan administered. I broke my mistress's favourite drinking cup, Shireen incurred the blame, and was obliged to supply another. I know that she is plotting against me, for she is eternally closeted with Leilah, who is at present the confidante of our mistress. I take care not to eat or drink anything which has passed through her hands to me, for fear of poison, and she returns me the same compliment."

The ladies will kill Mr. Hope for having written this part of the book, and we shall kill him for having written the other parts of it.

There is a subsequent scene, in which Hajji is admitted to the *anderun*, written with the same sprightliness and gossiping pleasantries as the foregoing. Zeenab has been engaged to cry at a funeral, to which the *Khanum* goes with all the family; and for which service she is to receive a black handkerchief, and "to eat sweetmeats." Instead of going, she beckons Hajji into the *anderun* to breakfast.

"By what miracle," exclaimed I, "have you done this? Where is the *Khanum*? where are the women? And how, if they are not here, shall I escape the doctor?"

"Do not fear," she repeated again, "I have barred all the doors. You must know that our destinies are on the rise, and that it was a lucky hour when we first saw each other. My rival, the Georgian, put it into the *Khanum's* head that Leilah, who is a professed weeper at burials, having learned the art in all its branches since a child, was a personage absolutely necessary on the present occasion, and that she ought to go in preference to me, who am a Kurd, and can know but little of Persian customs; all this, of course, to deprive me of my black handkerchief, and other advantages. Accordingly, I have been left at home; and the whole party went off, an hour ago, to the house of the deceased."

That fine perception about the "black handkerchief," is worth a million! Zeenab afterwards relates her life, which is amusing, but not remarkable—exhibiting the customs of the *Yezeedies*, a wild Curdish tribe, to which she belonged. Eventually, the chief physician makes a present of her to the Shah; and Hajji (who, in the meantime, has become a *nasakchi*, or sub-provost-marshal) is compelled to witness her execution, for a fault of which he himself is the author. But this scene, which the same pen that wrote the history of Euphrosyne, might have rendered (we should have supposed) almost too fearful for endurance, has, abstractedly, very little merit; and, coming from the author of Anastasius, is a decided failure.

Indeed, the latter part of the book consists mainly of matter, very little worthy of a considerable writer. Hajji's adventures as a *nasakchi* have not a great deal of novelty about them; and the personages are weak into whose association he is thrown. The chief executioner, for instance, is a dull fellow; and the attack (vol. II. p. 272) by two Russian soldiers upon five hundred Turkish horse, should be authenticated. The subsequent business, in which Hajji becomes a *mollah*, (priest,) with the attack upon the Armenians, tends to almost nothing. The episodes, too, are in no instance fortunate. The story of Yusuf and Mariam is tedious. The adventures of the Dervises few persons will get through; and the legend of "The Baked Head" is a weak imitation of the little Hunchback of the Arabian Nights.

The hero subsequently runs, during the whole of the last volume, through a round of incoherent, and often carelessly related adventures. He becomes a merchant, and that is not entertaining; marries, and is divorced again; writes accounts of the Europeans and their customs, which are puerile; and, at last, just as he is appointed secretary-in-chief to the Persian English embassy in Persia, (our supposed translator,) stops short, and addresses the reader. Profiting by the example of the Persian story-tellers, he

pauses in his tale at the most interesting point, and says to the public, "Give me encouragement, and I will tell you more. You shall be informed how Hajji Baba accompanied a great ambassador to England; of their adventures by sea and land; of all he saw and all he remarked; and of what happened to him on his return to Persia. But, in case," he adds, like the third Dervise, (a personage in the tale,) "he should find that he has not yet acquired the art of leading on the attention of the curious, he will never venture to appear again before the world, until he has gained the necessary experience to ensure success."

Now, the author of Anastasius may command encouragement in abundance to do any thing else; but he shall have no encouragement from us to continue the history of Hajji Baba. An Oriental gentleman, who can neither fight nor make love, will never do to buckle three more volumes upon the back of these.

Besides, we have already got some specimen of Hajji's talent for describing European peculiarities; and, from what we see, we should say most decidedly, Let us on that head have no more. All the business about the vaccination—and the doctor's desire to dissect dead bodies—"Boonapoort," the East India "Coompani," and the European constitutions, is, to speak the truth plainly, very wretched stuff indeed. And we say this with the less hesitation to Mr. Hope, because we have expressed our unfeigned admiration of his former work. It should

seem that he can do well; and if so, there is no excuse for him when he does miserably ill.

Let us guard ourselves against being mistaken. Hajji Baba may be read; and there are, as our extracts will prove, *some* good things in it. But, as a whole, it is tiresome, incoherent, and full of "damnable iteration." Combats—caravans—reviews—palaces—processions—repeating themselves over and over again—and many of them repetitions, and weak repetitions, of what we have had, in strength, from Mr. Hope before.

Seriously, Hajji Baba should be cashiered forthwith. As far as the public is concerned, the journey of the "pilgrim" should be at an end. And, indeed, England to be described by any foreigner, is a subject just now not the most promising. For the difference between Mr. Hope's last work and his present one, it would be difficult to account; but certainly, if he writes again, let him at least trust freely to his own conceptions. The present book has none of the eloquence or poetic feeling, very little of the wit, and still less of the fine taste, which distinguished the former in so eminent a degree. Of Anastasius, one would say, that it seemed to have been written by some mighty hand, from a store, full, almost to overflowing, with rich and curious material; of Hajji Baba, that some imitator, of very little comparative force indeed, had picked up the remnant of the rifled note-book, and brought it to market in the best shape that he was able.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

THE ROBIN—A COMPARISON.

TRUE, Mary! 'tis a shaded hour,
And friends are falsely flown;
Affliction's darkest tempests low'r,
And thou art left alone.

But thou canst cheer the gloomy way,
And share my sorrows too;
Ah, mid the beams of pleasure's day,
I ne'er thy value knew.

So, Mary, when the feather'd quire
Are wildly warbling near,

The robin's tones we scarce desire
To join the chorus here.

But when, 'mid winter's bleakest hours,
These minstrels chant no more,
And leave the lonely woodland bow'rs,
So musical before—

Then to my desolated cot
The Robin speeds his way,
And shares my hearth, my food, my lot,
And charms me with his lay.

THE MONTHS.--MARCH.

(New Mon.)

IF there be a month the aspect of which is less amiable, and the manners and habits of which are less prepossessing than those of all the rest, which I am loth to admit, that month is March. The burning heats of Midsummer (when they shall come to us at the prophetic call of the Quarterly Reviewers—which they never will,) I shall be able to bear. And the frosts and snows of December and January are as welcome to me in their turn as the flowers in May. Nay, the so much vituperated fogs in November I by no means set my face against; on the contrary, I have a kind of appetite for them—both corporeal and mental. As an affair of mere breath there is something tangible in them. In the evanescent air of Italy a man might as well not breathe at all, for any thing he knows of the matter. But in a November fog there is something satisfying. You can feel what you breathe, and see it too. It is like *breathing water*—as I suppose the fishes do.—And then the taste of them, when dashed with a due seasoning of sea-coal smoke, is far from insipid. Not that I would recommend them medicinally; especially to persons of queasy stomachs, delicate nerves, and afflicted with bile. But for one of a good robust habit of body, and not dainty withal, which such, by the bye, never are, there is nothing better in its way than a well-mixed Metropolitan fog. There is something substantial in it. You may “cut and come again.” It is at once meat and drink, too;—something between egg-flip and omelette soufflée; but much more digestible than either. And it wraps you round like a cloak, into the bargain. No—I maintain that a London fog is a thing not to be sneezed at—if you can help it.—*Mem.* As many spurious imitations of the above are abroad—such as Scotch mists, and the like—which are no less deleterious than disagreeable—please to ask for the “true London Particular”—as manufactured by Thames, Coal-gas,

Smoke, Steam, & Co.—no others are genuine.

In fact, and *sub rosa*,—November is a month that has not been fairly done by; and for my part I think it should by no means have been fixed upon as that which is, *par excellence*, the month best adapted to hang and drown one’s self in;—seeing that, to a wise man, *that* should never be an affair of atmosphere. But if a month must be set apart for such a process—(on the principle of *luck*—which determines that we are bound to *begin* our worldly concerns on a particular day, viz. on Saturday—and would, therefore, by a parity of reasoning, call upon us to end them with a similar view to times and seasons) let that month be henceforth March;—for it has, at this present writing, no one characteristic by which to designate it—being neither Spring, Summer, Autumn, nor Winter, but only March.

But what I particularly object to in March is its winds. They say—

“March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.”

But I doubt the fact. They may *call* them forth, perhaps,—whistling over the roofs of their subterraneous dwellings, to let them know that Winter is past and gone. Or, in our disposition to “turn diseases to commodities,” let us regard them as the expectant damsel does the sound of the mail-coach horn as it whisks through the village as she lies in bed at midnight, and tells her that *to-morrow* she may look for a letter from her absent swain.

The only other reason why I object to March is that she drives hares mad; which is a great fault.—But be all this as it may, she is still fraught with merits; and let us proceed, without more ado, to point out a few of them. And first of the country;—to which, by the way, I have not hitherto allowed its due supremacy—for

“God made the country, but man made the town.”

Now, then, even the winds of March,—notwithstanding all that we

have insinuated in their disfavour—are far from being virtueless; for they come careering over our fields, and roads, and pathways, and while they dry up the dampness that the thaws had let loose, and the previous frosts had prevented from sinking into the earth,—"pipe to the spirit ditties," the words of which tell tales of the forthcoming flowers. And not only so, but occasionally they are caught bearing away upon their rough wings the mingled odours of violet and daffodil—both of which have already ventured to

"—— Come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

Can it ever be too late in the day to go on with the quotation, and say that now, too, we have

"—— Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips,
And the crown-imperial."

We have made our way into the garden at once, without intending it. But perhaps we could not do better; for the general face of Nature is not much changed in appearance since we left it in February; though its internal economy has made an important step in advance. The sap is alive in the seemingly sleeping trunks that every where surround us, and is beginning to mount slowly to its destination; and the embryo blooms are almost visibly struggling towards light and life, beneath their rough, unpromising outer coats—unpromising to the idle, the unthinking, and the inobservant; but to the eye that "can see Othello's visage in his mind," bright and beautiful, in virtue of the brightness and the beauty that they cover, but not conceal. Now, too, the dark earth becomes soft and tractable, and yields to the kindly constraint that calls upon it to teem with new life—crumbling to the touch, that it may the better clasp in its fragrant bosom the rudiments of that gay but ephemeral creation which are born with the Spring, only "to run their race rejoicing" into the lap of Summer,

and then yield up their sweet breath, a willing incense, at the shrine of that nature, the spirit of which is endless constancy growing out of endless change. Must I tell the reader this in plainer prose? Now, then, is the time to sow the seeds of most of the *annual* flowering plants; particularly of those which we all know and love—such as sweet-pea, the most feminine of flowers—that must have a kind hand to tend its youth, and a supporting arm to cling to in its maturity, or it grovels in the dust, and straggles away into an unsightly weed; and mignonette, with a name as sweet as its breath—that loves "within a gentle bosom to be laid," and makes haste to die there, lest its white lodging should be changed; and larkspur, trim, gay, and bold—the gallant of the garden; and lupines, blue and yellow and rose-coloured, with their winged flowers hovering above their starry leaves; and a host of others, that we must try to characterize as they come in turn before us. Now, too, we have all the bulbous-rooted flowers at their best, and may take a final leave of them; for we shall see them no more:—of the tulip, beautiful as the panther, and as proud—standing aloof from its own leaves; and the rich hyacinth, clustering like the locks of Adam; and the myriad-leaved anemone; and narcissus, pale and passion-stricken at the sense of its own sweetness.

Now, too, the tender green of Spring first begins to peep forth from the straggling branches of the hedge-row elder, the trim lilac, and the thin threads of the stream-enamoured willow—the first to put on its spring-clothing, and the last to leave it off. And if we look into the kitchen-garden, there too we shall find those forest-trees in miniature, the gooseberries and currants, letting their leaves and blossoms, both of a colour, look forth hand-in-hand, in search of the April sun before it arrives—as the lark mounts upward to seek for it before it has risen in the morning. It will be well if these early adventurers-forth do not encounter a cutting easterly blast; or, still worse, a deceitful breeze that tempts them to

its embraces by its milder breath, only to shower diseases upon them. But if they *will* be out on the watch for Spring before she calls them, they must be content to take their chance.

Now, too, the birds are for once in their lives as busy as the bees are always. They are getting their houses built, and seeing to their household affairs, and concluding their family arrangements—that when the summer and the sunshine are fairly come, they may have nothing to do but teach their children the last new modes of flying and singing, and be as happy as—birds, for the rest of the year. Now, therefore,—as in the last month—they have but little time to sing to each other; and the lark has the morning sky all to himself.

Lastly, now we meet with one of the prettiest, yet most pathetic sights that the animal world presents: the early lambs, dropped in their tottering and bleating helplessness, upon the cold skirts of winter, and hiding their frail forms from the March winds, by crouching down on the sheltered side of their dams.

Now, quitting the country till next month, we find London all alive—Lent and Lady-day notwithstanding; for the latter is but a day, after all; and he must have a very countryfied conscience who cannot satisfy it as to the former, by doing penance once or twice at an oratorio, and hearing comic songs sung in a foreign tongue; or if this does not do, he may fast, if he pleases, every Friday, by eating salt-fish in addition to the rest of his fare! Now, the citizens have pretty well left off their annual visitings, and given the great ones leave to begin; so that there is no sleep to be had in the neighbourhood of May-fair, for love or money, after one in the morning. Now, the dress-boxes of the winter-houses can occasionally boast a baronet's lady: this, however, being the extent of their attainments in that way: for how can the great be expected to listen to Shakespeare under the same roof with their shopkeepers? There is, in fact, no denying that the said great are marvelously at the mercy of the said little, in the matter of amusement; and there is

no saying whether the latter will not, some day or other, make an inroad upon Almack's itself. Now, however, in spite of the said inroads, the best boxes at the Opera do begin to be worth exploring; since a beautiful Englishwoman of high fashion is "a sight to set before a king." Now the actors, all but the singing ones, in their secret hearts put up periodical prayers for the annual agitation of the Catholic Question; for without some stimulus of this kind, to correct the laxity of our religious morale, there is no knowing how soon they may cease to give thanks for three Sundays in the week during Lent. But Mr. Irving will look to this on their behalf; so they need not fear just at present. Now, occasionally during the said pious period, an inadvertent apprentice gets leave to go to "the play" on a Wednesday; and, having taken his seat in the one-shilling-gallery, wonders during six long hours what have come to the players, that they do nothing but sit in a row with their hands before them, in front of a pyramid of fiddlers, and break silence now and then by singing a psalm—for a psalm he is sure it must be, though he never heard it at church. Now, Hyde-park is worth walking in at four o'clock of a fine week-day, though the trees are still bare: for there, as sure as the sunshine comes, shall be seen sauntering beneath it three distinct classes of fashionables;—namely—first, the fair immaculates from the mansions about May-fair, who loll listlessly in their elegant equipages, and occasionally eye, with an air of infinite disdain, the second class, who are peregrinating on the other side the bar—the fair frailties from the neighbourhood of the New-road; which latter, more magnanimous than their betters, and less envious, are content, for their parts, to appropriate the greater portion of the third class—the Ineffables and Exquisites from Long's and Stevens'. Among these last-named class something particular indeed must have happened if you do not recognize that *arbiter elegantiarum* of actresses, the Marquis of W——; that delighter in Dennets and decaying beauties, the honourable

L—— S—— ; and that prince-pretty-man of rake-hells and *roués*, little George W——.

Finally, March, among its other merits, is richer than any other month in illustrious birth-days: a qualification which I had inadvertently neglected to notice in regard to January, though it includes those of our own Newton, of Robert Burns, and of that musical miracle, Mozart. On the 2d of March 1564 was given to a world which was unworthy of him, Galileo Galilei—"The *starry* Galileo, with his woes." On the 8th of March 1684 was breathed into a human form

that majestic spirit which afterwards was to alternately sigh and shout forth its high and holy aspirations, in the music of the Messiah. On the 15th of March, 1605, was born the gentle lover of the divine Saccharissa. On the 18th of March 1474, first saw the light that Atlas of modern art, Michel Angelo Buonarotti. And lastly, on the 23d, 1554, Nature, in a melancholy mood, *sighed* the breath of life into the form of Tasso; and which breath, retaining the character thus impressed upon it, was but one long sigh for ever after.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(New Mon.)

THE CIVIC DINNER.

THE guests assembled in Budge-row,
Sir Peter Pruin mumbles grace,
The covers are removed—and lo!
A terrible attack takes place:
Knives, spoons, and glasses clitter-clatter,
None seem to think of indigestions;
But all together stuff and clatter,
Like gluttons playing at cross-questions.

What's that on Mrs. Firkin's head?—
Roast hair and sweet sauce—wears a wig—
So Lady Lump is put to bed,—
What has she got?—a roasted pig.
Your little darling, Mrs. Aggs—
A reign-deer tongue—begins to chatter.—
How's little Tommy?—boil'd to rags;—
And Miss Augusta?—fried in batter.—

How well he carves!—he's nam'd by will
My joint executor—the papers
Say *Noblet's* coming to fulfil—
Some mint sauce, and a few more capers—
Lord Byron's cantos—where's the salt?
This trifle makes us lick our lips;
Angel's syllabubs some exalt,
But *Birch* is surely best for whips.—

Nice chickens—Mrs. Fry must carry
A tender heart—but toughish gizzard—
Do stick your fork in—little Harry
Knows all his letters down to Izzard.—

Ex-sheriff *Parkins*—fine calves head—
What's your gown made of?—currant jelly:
Fat Mrs. Fubbs they say is dead—
A famous buttock—vermicelli—

Black puddings—pepper'd—dish'd—Belzoni;—
A glass of—Probert's pond with Thurtell;—
Lord Petersham—bad macaroni;—
She's a most loving wife—mock-turtle.—
Yes, Miss — pig's face—had caught his eye,
She lov'd his—mutton-chops—and so
They jumped into—a pigeon-pie,
Some kissing crust—and off they go.

I eat for lunch—a handkerchief—
A green goose—lost at Charing-cross;
I seiz'd the rascal—collared beef—
And we both roll'd in—lobster sauce.
St. Ronan's Well—Scot's collops—fetch up
Another bottle, this is flat.—
The Princess Olive—mushroom ketchup—
His Royal Highness—lots of fat.

Poor Miss—red-herring—we must give her
Grand Signior—turkey dish'd in grease:
Hand me the captain's—lights and liver,
And just cut open—Mrs. Rees.

So Fanny Flirt is going to marry—
A nice Welsh-rabbit—muffins—mummery—
Grimaldi—ices—Captain Parry—
Crimp'd cod—crim-con—Grim Tartars—flummery.

HONESTY NOT THE BEST POLICY.

Ere aught I knew of this world's treasures,
Its tempting stores or tempting pleasures,
My good instructors always taught me
"Honesty is best policy"—and so I thought me:
But think no more—since, t'other day,
Tempted by sparkling eyes to stray,
I stole a kiss—which gave such feeling,
I'm n'er so happy as when stealing.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY, NO. III.

(Sel. Mag.)

ACETOUS OR ACID FERMENTATION.

IN my two last papers, I described the vinous or spirituous fermentation, and considered its application to wine, beer, ale, alcohol and ardent spirits. The acetous or acid fermentation of which I am now about to treat, is simply a continuation of the former; for when fermentation has once commenced, it has a constant tendency to proceed, and unless some check be interposed, it will go regularly forward from spirit to acid, or, in other words, from wine to vinegar; and this change is so gradual, that it is very difficult to point out with precision when the vinous fermentation ceases, and when that of the acid begins. In those cases also in which the liquor has completely undergone the spirituous fermentation, if it be only exposed to the action of atmospheric air, and have a certain degree of temperature, it will spontaneously and necessarily be disposed to turn sour, that is, to become vinegar, as is well known in the case of wine; and it is to this circumstance that vinegar owes its name, it being derived from two French words—*vin* and *aigre*, signifying sour wine.

Vinegar was known many ages before the discovery of any other acid, if those only be excepted which existed ready formed in vegetables. It is mentioned by Moses, and seems to have been in common use among the Israelites and other eastern nations at a very early period.

Its manufacture, as an article of commerce, among ourselves, has long been kept a secret among the persons of the profession, who are said to bind themselves to each other by oath not to reveal it. The process, however, is pretty accurately known; and many private families are in the habit of making, and that with tolerable success, what they may want for their own use.

For the production of vinegar, two things, as I have before hinted, are indispensably necessary—an admission of atmospheric air, and a temperature somewhat higher than that which is

usually found in our own climate, that is, from about 75° to 80°. When a liquor already fermented is employed, it is also of importance, that yeast or some other ferment should be added, in order to hasten the fermentation; or else the change will be too gradual to obtain vinegar to perfection, and the first acetified portion will turn mouldy before the last can become sour. But if the material employed has not undergone fermentation, as in the case of making vinegar from malt or from sugar, the whole process of vinous and acetous fermentation will go on without interruption. It is important, also, that the process should be stopped in that stage in which the acid has attained to its highest degree of strength and perfection, after which the liquor becomes deteriorated, the acetous acid gradually disappears, and an offensive, mouldy, watery liquor remains, with scarcely any acidity. Much depends upon the skill and experience of the manufacturer, to determine when his vinegar is in a fit state to be drawn off and closely barrelled.

Vinegar may be prepared from either cider, beer, or wine; but the most usual method is to obtain it at once from malt or sugar. When malt is employed, it is macerated in water, and the fluid is made to ferment, so as to produce a strong ale without hops. This is barrelled and placed in a hot chamber for six or eight weeks, that the fermentation may proceed equally and uniformly. The soured liquor is next emptied into smaller barrels, which are set in rows with their bung-holes open, and placed in the open air till the liquor becomes perfect vinegar. This process, it will be perceived, is on the large scale; and though it will succeed on a smaller, yet it is well known, that the larger the mass the more perfect will be the fermentation. To this circumstance it is perhaps owing that the vinegar made by private families is so frequently spoiled; for the quantity being generally small, the fermentation

is not complete, and consequently, the vinegar in greater danger of being injured by some adventitious and unforeseen occurrence.—When sugar is employed, the process is exceedingly similar to that which I have just described.

Vinegar is very subject to decomposition, becoming ropy and muddy. It has been discovered, however, that if it be made to boil for a few moments, it may afterwards be kept for a long time without alteration.

For pickling, and other similar uses, the common vinegar is not sufficiently strong. Its strength, however, may be greatly increased by exposing it to the frost, and removing from it the layers of ice as they are successively formed; for the frozen part consists almost entirely of water. And, in the same manner, the strength of wines may be increased; but in each case, care must be taken that the frozen part be not suffered to remain on till it thaws; for by this means a very sensible deterioration takes place.

For chemical purposes, it is necessary that vinegar should be obtained in a yet more concentrated state, and that it should be divested of its several impurities; for it is found, that, besides acetic acid and water, it contains various other ingredients, such as mucilage, tartar, a colouring matter, and often two or more vegetable acids. But if it be subjected to distillation, and continued till about two-thirds of it are passed over, its impurities will be left

behind in the residuum which remains at the bottom of the still, and it will at the same time appear in a concentrated state. It is now found colourless as water, and is called by chemists *acetous acid*. When concentrated as much as possible, by peculiar processes, it is termed *radical vinegar*, or *acetic acid*. Under this latter form, it is extremely pungent and acrid, and when applied to the skin, reddens and corrodes it in a very short time. It is exceedingly volatile, and, when heated, very readily takes fire.

Aromatic vinegar may be readily prepared as follows. Rosemary tops dried, and sage leaves dried, 4 oz. of each; lavender flowers dried, 2 oz.; cloves bruised, 2 drams; and distilled vinegar, or acetous acid, 8 lbs. These ingredients must be macerated, or steeped, for seven days, and the expressed liquor subsequently filtered through paper. The odour of this liquid is pleasant, pungent, and aromatic, and is a grateful perfume in sick rooms.

The aromatic spirit of vinegar, originally invented, and from time to time improved, by the late Mr. Henry of Manchester, is composed of highly concentrated vinegar, united with the most pleasant aromatics, and most powerful antiseptics; and may be kept unimpaired for any length of time. Its grateful odour renders it peculiarly refreshing in crowded rooms, and in the apartments of the sick. It is said also to counteract the infection of contagious disease.

(Lond. Mag.)

TO AN INFANT SLEEPING ON HIS MOTHER'S BOSOM, DURING A STORM AT SEA.

Softly pillow'd on the breast,
O how gently lies thy head!
Sleeping in unbroken rest,
All thy little wants are fled!

On thy cheek I've watch'd the tear—
Like a dew-drop on the rose;
Now its gone, and not a tear
Breaks the charms of thy repose.

Cradled on the rolling waves,
While the frenzied ocean scowls:
Floating o'er immeasur'd caves,
While the tempest round thee howls.

'Mid the storm, ah what a calm
O'er thy face serenely beams!
'Mid our fears, no dread alarm
Interrupt thine infant dreams!

Thus, when toss'd on life's rough seas—
And what storms await thee there!
Which nor anxious foresight sees,
Nor to flee avails our care!—

May thy confidence repose
On that high paternal love,
Whence, 'mid every tempest, flows
Peace—the pledge of rest above!

LIFE IN LONDON !

(New Mon.)

ALMACK'S ON FRIDAY.

"THE peculiar beauty of the British constitution, sir, consists in this," said an Opposition member to M. Cottu: "every man, however humble his origin, may aspire to the highest honours of the state. Thus it is that industry and talents are excited: all men feel an interest in the fabric, and therefore no men league to overthrow it." The Senator might have extended his eulogium. This aptitude for high places is not confined in England to the Senate, the Pulpit, and the Bar. The posts of fashion are as open to attack as the office of Lord High Chancellor; and it is not a little amusing to observe the straits to which people of ton are driven to avoid a contact with *les Bourgeois*. Bath, in the days of Beau Nash, was a resort for the great; so was Tunbridge Wells:—the North Parade and the Pantiles are now deserted. "The Moor is at the gate," and no Christian can be seen there. Ranelagh, the *ci-devant* "third heaven" of beauties of high life, is levelled with the dust. In vain did the Court make it unfashionable to be seen there before eleven. The East outbid the West, and would not enter till half-after that hour. Fashion withdrew in disgust, and Ranelagh perished. A very few years ago, an Autumn at Brighton was by no means an unfashionable affair. But, alas! in rushed all Cheapside, with the addition of Duke's-place. Coy Fashion took flight, and, when the coast was clear, resettled upon the Steine at Christmas. This had all the appearance of a decisive victory. But not so: hardly were her tents pitched, when the populous East "poured from her frozen loins" an army of brokers, brewers, and broad-cloth venders, to shiver for a month upon the East Cliff. Old Dixon, of Savage-gardens, was destined to be added to the frost-bitten fraternity. His neighbour Culpepper, who must likewise follow the fashion, called upon the worthy citizen, and found him in a sorry nankeen kind of tenement, on the Marine Parade, gaz-

ing upon vacancy from out a bow-window which let in the winds from three points of the compass, until they inflated his carpet into the shape of a demi-balloon. "Well," said the visitor to his host, "I never thought you, of all people, would have chosen to put in to Brighton at this time of the year."—"I did not choose to put in," answered Dixon, "I was driven in by stress of wife." I really do not know what people of distinction are to do next; for if turkey, chine, plum-pudding, galante-show, and twelfth-cake will not keep citizens in town, nothing will. To what Libyan desert, what rocky island in the watery waste, is high life now to retreat? Saint Helena may do, the distance is too great to allow of men of business frequenting it; they cannot well run down from Saturday to Tuesday: but I decidedly think that nothing short of it will be effectual. The Island of Ascension is too full of turtle: the whole court of aldermen would be there, to a dead certainty.

There is a dancing-establishment in King-street, St. James's-square, called *Almack's*. The proprietor of the mansion is named Willis. Six lady patronesses, of the first distinction, govern the assembly. Their fiat is decisive as to admission or rejection: consequently "their nods men and gods keep in awe." The nights of meeting fall upon every Wednesday during the season. This is selection with a vengeance: the very quintessence of aristocracy. Three-fourths even of the nobility knock in vain for admission. Into this *sanctum sanctorum*, of course, the sons of commerce never think of intruding on the sacred Wednesday evenings: and yet into this very "blue chamber," in the absence of the six necromancers, have the votaries of trade contrived to intrude themselves. I proceed to narrate the particulars.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of tradesmen's ladies, held at the King's-head Tavern in the Poultry, Lady Sinms in the chair, it was resolv-

ed, in order to mortify the proud flesh of the six occidental countesses above alluded to, that a rival Almack's be forthwith established, to meet on every Friday evening: that Mr. Willis be treated with as to the hiring of his rooms: that the worthy chairwoman, with the addition of Lady Brown, Lady Roberts, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Wells, and Miss Jones, be appointed six lady patronesses to govern the establishment: that those ladies be empowered to draw a line of demarcation round the most fashionable part of the city, and that no residents beyond that circle be, on any account, entitled to subscriptions. The six lady patronesses, who originated these resolutions, dwell in the most fashionable part of the city, viz. Lady Simms, in Cornhill, Lady Brown, in Mansionhouse-street, Lady Roberts, in Birchin-lane, Mrs. Chambers, in Throgmorton-street, Mrs. Wells, in Copthall-court, and Miss Jones, in Bucklersbury. It is astonishing with what rapidity the subscriptions filled; and the governesses of the establishment have acted with great circumspection in confining the amusement to none but their upper circles. The chief members are warehousemen and wholesale linen-draper, with, of course, their wives and daughters. The original plan was to exclude all retail traders; but, as this would have made the ball rather *too* select, the scheme was abandoned. Grocers dealing both wholesale and retail, silversmiths, glovers, packers, dyers, and paper-stainers, are admissible, provided their moral characters be unimpeachable and their residences be not too Eastward. Some discord has arisen in consequence of black-balling a very reputable pawnbroker in East Smithfield. West Smithfield is within the line of demarcation, but not East; and the exhibitor of three blue balls, who has been thus rejected, complains loudly that he is thrust aside to make room for a set of vulgar innholders and cattle-keepers from Smithfield in the West. But to squalls like this the best-regulated establishments are liable. The line of demarcation includes Bow-lane, Queen-street, and Bucklersbury, on the South side of Cheapside; and King-street,

the Old Jewry, and Saint Martin's-le-Grand on the north; but not a step beyond. The consequence is, that in the regions of Fore-street, Cripplegate and Moorfields, northward, and in those of Watling-street, Old Fish-street and Tower-royal, southward, a great mass of disaffection has been engendered. Wardmotes have been called, select vestries have been summoned, and special meetings have been convened; but *Almack's on Friday* flourishes notwithstanding. In the delivering out of subscriptions, I have heard it whispered that some tokens of partiality are discernible. Undue preferences are alleged to be given, which, if done in the way of trade, would force the obliged party to refund his debt for the equal benefit of himself and the rest of the creditors.

Lady Simms's husband is a lottery-office keeper in Cornhill, and "they do say" that young men have but slender prospects of admission if they omit to buy their sixteenths at his shop. Lady Brown's lord and master is a wax-chandler in Mansion-house street; let no man who hopes to visit Almack's on Friday seek his spermaceti in any other shop. Sir Ralph Roberts is a wholesale ironmonger in Birchin-lane; I have never heard that he is open to corruption in the way of trade; but he and Lady Roberts have six grown-up daughters, and the subscriber who fails to dance with them all in one night, may look in vain for a renewal of his subscription. Mrs. Chambers's helpmate is a tailor. A rule has recently crept into the establishment that no gentleman shall be attired otherwise than in the old school of inexpressibles terminating at the knee. This regulation (which I believe originated with Mrs. Chambers) has been productive of much confusion. The common attire of most of the young men of the present day is trowsers. These are uniformly stopped at the door, and the unhappy wearer is forced either to return home to re-dress, or to suffer himself to be sewed up by a member of the Merchant Tailor's Company, who attends in a private room for that purpose. This ceremony consists in doubling up the trowsers under the knee,

and stitching them in that position with black silk : the culprit is then allowed to enter the ball-room, with his lower man strongly resembling one of those broad immoveable Dutch captains who ply in the long room at the Custom-house. It sometimes happens that the party, thus acted upon by the needle, little anticipating such a process, has worn white under-stockings, and a pair of half black-silk upper-hose reaching but to the commencement of his calf. The metamorphosis, in these cases, is rather ludicrous, inasmuch as the subscriber reappears with a pair of black and white magpie legs, and looks as if he had by accident stepped ankle-deep into a couple of ink-bottles. These poor fellows are necessarily forced, the following Friday, to furnish themselves with a new pair of *shorts*. I am afraid Mrs. Chambers is at the bottom of all this. I have never heard of any corrupt motive having been assigned to Mrs. Wells ; and Miss Jones is a maiden lady of forty-four, living upon a genteel independence.

About eight o'clock on every Friday evening, during the season, (for I assure you the City has its seasons—"a Negro has a soul, your honour") a large mass of hackney coaches may be seen plying about the purlieus of Cheapside, the same having been hired to convey our City fashionables to the scene of festivity. Dancing commences precisely at nine, and the display of jewels would not discredit the parish of Marylebone. The large room with the mirror at the lower end is devoted to quadrilles. Waltzes were at first proscribed, as foreign, and consequently indecent : but three of the six Miss Robertses discovered accidentally one morning, while two of the other three were tormenting poor Mozart into an undulating see-saw on the piano, that they waltzed remarkably well. The rule thenceforward was less rigidly enforced. Yet still the practice is rather scouted by the more sober part of the community. Lady Brown bridles, and heartily regrets that such filthy doings are not confined to Paris : while Lady Simms thanks Gods that *her* daughter never danced a single waltz in the

whole course of her life. This instance of self-denial ought to be recorded, for Miss Simms' left leg is shorter than her right. Nature evidently meant her for a waltzer of the first water and magnitude, but philosophy has operated upon her as it did upon Socrates. There is a young broker named Carter, who has no very extensive connexion, in Mark Lane, but he has notwithstanding contrived to waltz himself into a subscription. He regularly takes out Harriet Roberts, and, after swinging with her round the room till the young woman is sick and faint, he performs a like feat with Jane Roberts, and successively with Betsey. The exhibitor of samples, when this is well over, is as giddy as a goose. He therefore retires to take a little breath ; but in about ten minutes returns to the large apartment like a giant refreshed, claps his hands, calls out "Zitti zitti" to the leader of the band, and starts afresh with Lucy, Charlotte, and Jemima Roberts, in three consecutive quadrilles. The pertinacity of this young man is indeed prodigious. When the most experienced quadrillers are bowled out of the ring, he may be seen spinning by himself, like an Arabian Dervise. He is no great beauty, his head being several degrees too big for his body ; but this disproportion does not extend lower down, for Lady Roberts says there is not a better-hearted young man in all Portsoken Ward. According to the rules of the establishment, nobody is admitted after ten o'clock, except gentlemen of the common council : their senatorial duties are paramount. About three Fridays ago an odd incident occurred. One Mrs. Ferguson and her daughter alighted at the outer door from a very clean hackney coach, delivered her card to Mr. Willis, and swept majestically past the grating upstairs into the ball-room. On a more minute inspection of the document, it was discovered to be a forgery. What was to be done ? The mother was sitting under the mirror, and the daughter was dancing for dear life. Lady Simms, Mr. Wells, and Miss Jones (three make a quorum) laid their heads together, and the result was a civil message to Mrs. Ferguson, requesting

her and her daughter to abdicate. Mrs. Ferguson at first felt disposed to "show fight," but, feeling the current too strong, had recourse to supplication. This was equally vain: the rule was imperative: indeed, according to Sir Ralph Roberts, as unalterable as the laws of the *Sweeds* and *Stertions*. The difference was at length split. A young stockbroker of fashion had just driven up from Capel-court in a hackney cabriolet. Mamma was consigned to the pepper-and-salt coated driver of the vehicle; and Miss Ferguson was allowed to dance her dance out, Lady Brown undertaking to drop her safe and sound in Friday-street in her way homeward, at the conclusion of the festivity.

The managing committee meet monthly, at the King's Head in the Poultry, picking their road on a pavement strewn with lively turtle, "with what appetite they may." Precisely at two o'clock Mr. Willis makes his appearance, with a large blue bag full of application cards, accompanied by proper certificates: these latter consist of the portrait of the candidates, a statement of their stature, age, &c. Each of the female candidates sends also her right shoe, to exhibit the size of her foot. I doubt whether the latter custom be any thing more than *Brutum Fulmen*. For certain it is, that I have seen feet at Almack's on a Friday, that never could have passed the ordeal of criticism. The gravity with which claims are here discussed, would not discredit a meeting of Privy Councillors to debate on the Recorder's report. Little Miss Fifield was recently debated upon. Her residence in Bond-court, Walbrook, just placed her out of the select line, or as Lady Roberts denominated it, on the wrong side of the post: and the committee were upon the point of passing to the order of the day, when Willis, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, "Ladies, have mercy upon her: she is but young: and her poor uncle, who is now dead and gone, kept the Grasshopper tea-shop, at the corner of Paul's Chain." The appeal was not to be resisted, and little Miss Fifield got her subscription. It would

be unpardonable to omit mentioning an incident, which, in the glorious days of immortal Rome, would have entitled our Lady Patronesses to six civic wreaths. The Lord Mayor of London, at the third meeting in last June, drove up to the door in his gorgeous private carriage, but, not having brought his ticket with him, his Lordship was refused admittance, and was constrained to finish the evening at half-price at the Tottenham-street Theatre. I have already mentioned the generating of a mass of disaffection in the excluded fauxbourgs. Lady Pontop, the wife of Sir Peter Pontop, a coal-merchant in Tower Royal, is among the loudest of these malcontents. This lady, who has been nicknamed the City Duchess, has been heard to utter threats about "knocking up Almack's," and mutters something about establishing a rival concern. The Lady Patronesses, however, laugh to scorn these symptoms of rebellion, and say that Cheapside has not lived to these days in comfort and credit, to be bearded by Tower Royal! A slight accident occurred last Friday se'nnight, which might have been attended with heavy effects. Young Carter, the broker, was quadrilling with Jemima Roberts: he had passed the ordeal of the Mount Ida step, wherein the shepherd is destined to foot it several seconds with three rival goddesses, and had looked as stiff and as sheepish as young men usually do at that effort, when he came suddenly and unexpectedly, *dos-a-dos*, against huge Miss Jones, who, though denominated a single woman, would make three of the ordinary size of the softer part of the creation. The consequences were obvious: the lady, weighty and elastic, stood firm as a rock, and "the weakest went to the wall," young Carter, the slender broker, being precipitated head-foremost against the wainscot.

Before the conclusion of the evening's diversion, the ladies and their partners walked the *Polonaise* round the room. Last Friday evening the order of march was suddenly impeded. Miss Donaldson, the grocer's daughter, having insisted upon taking precedence

of Miss Jackson, whose father sells Stiltons, that mock the eye with the semblance of pine apples, at the corner of Swithin's-lane. The matter was referred to the Patronesses, who gave it in favour of Miss Jackson, inasmuch as, at dinner, cheese comes before figs. I am aware that certain caustic tradesmen, who dwell eastward of the magic circle, are in the habit of throwing out sarcasms upon those who choose to go so far West in quest of diversion. "If you must have a ball,"

say these crabbed philosophers, "why not hold it at the London Tavern, or at the George and Vulture, Lombard-street?" But surely this is bad reasoning. If the pilgrim glows with a warmer devotion from visiting the shrine of Loretto, well may a Miss Dawson or a Mr. Toms move with a lighter heel, when kicking up a dust upon the very same boards, which, on the Wednesday preceding, were jumped upon by a Lord John or a Lady Arabella.

VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Edinburgh Wernerian Society.

At a meeting of the Edinburgh Wernerian Society, on the 10th January, specimens of the quadrupeds collected by Captains Parry and Franklin, and Dr. Richardson, were exhibited, and an account of the animals collected during the overland Arctic expedition was read by that intrepid and intelligent fellow-traveller of the celebrated Capt. Franklin, Dr. Richardson. An account of two or three of the quadrupeds, collected during the overland Arctic expedition had been read to the Society on a former day, and Dr. Richardson took up the Memoir from the place where it had been broken off. He began with the wolverine—an animal strongly allied to the fox, wolf, and dog tribe: he discussed this apparently intermingled class of animals at considerable length. Amongst other things, we particularly noticed a circumstance which he related respecting the mode in which the Arctic dogs hunt an animal, which, from its size, they may be afraid of attacking. They approach it gradually and cautiously in a semicircle; if the animal show no symptoms of fear, they pause; if, on the contrary, it appear terrified, they drive it about till it is exhausted, when they attack it, and easily overcome it. The hair of the wolverine was dark brown, long, and wiry; on the sides near to the tail, it had a yellowish tinge. The tail was short, and furnished with long hair; the ears short. The next animal described by Dr. Richardson was the Arctic fox. Of

this species three specimens were produced, to show the varieties in the colour and appearance of the fox at different periods of the year. The winter clothing of these animals is white; and Dr. Richardson observed that this alteration happened, not from a change of the hair, but from a change of its colour. The next animal mentioned was the mouse; several specimens were placed on the table. These mice are about the size of our common Hanoverian rat; the body looks round and fat; the head is roundish, the snout not being pointed, as in our mice; the feet are short; but the most remarkable feature which characterises this mouse, is its tail; this member, so prominent and conspicuous a one in all the rat and mouse family (whether in town or country) with which we have hitherto been acquainted, is more particularly short in the mouse of Hudson's Bay; in short, it seems rather to have been appointed for the purpose of showing the spot to which tails are usually affixed, and by way of an apology for the absence of that lengthy appendage, than to have been intended for one. The mouse much resembles the mole, in the shape and size of the body and tail, but not in any other particulars. Dr. Richardson then proceeded to the cervus tarandus, the rein-deer; and described a greater variety in the growth and shape of the horns than we had any previous idea of. The growth of these excrescences, in most animals, appears to be regulated by established laws, and the horns, from sire to son, assume the

same shape and fashion. The rein-deer is so well known in this country, since Mr. Bullock's exertions to procure and exhibit them, that we need not say any more about it. One particular we cannot omit, which belongs more especially to the science of gastronomy, though it is not yet publicly known in this country, nor even in France, so celebrated for her progress in that study. But, were it known, we fear that it could not be conveniently practised in Great Britain, in consequence of the immense expense of importing the animal alive. In detailing the uses of the rein-deer, Dr. Richardson told his audience that the natives used every part of the body as food; and that they carried their epicurism so far as to eat the contents of the stomach. They seemed to imagine that the lichens which had been masticated by the deer, and partially decomposed by the action of the gastric juice of this most interesting animal, were thereby rendered more fit, proper, and digestible, for the use of man. *Chacun a son gout!*—The musk ox was the next quadruped with an account of which the Society was favoured by Dr. Richardson. When a herd of these animals is fired at, if the huntsman keep himself well concealed, they imagine the noise to be thunder, and crowd close together; but if by the excellence of their smell, which sense they possess in great acuteness, or by any other means, they discover a human being, they immediately disperse. It occasionally happens that a wounded musk ox will turn on the hunter, and endeavour to make a very violent attack on him. In this case the hunter will be perfectly safe, if, with a little activity and much presence of mind, he starts on one side, and takes the opportunity of stabbing the disappointed ox as he rages past him. Two specimens of white hare were shown; one from Scotland, the other from the Arctic regions. They were exhibited together for the purpose of allowing the comparisons to be made. The latter specimen was rather larger than the Scottish variety: in general it was a stouter made animal; the tail was longer and larger; the face appeared more full; the ears thicker and more covered with fur;

the fur itself was much thicker all over the body, it seemed also to be rather longer, and was, beyond all comparison, finer and softer. Several other animals also, not included in the account written by Dr. Richardson, were produced, for the purpose of hearing such observations from that distinguished traveller as his experience might enable him to make.

SINGULAR WILL.

The following remarkable passages have been extracted from the will of Francis Stanhope, esq. brother to Lord Chesterfield, proved the 25th of October, 1739, and registered in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury:—"Item, a silver cup upon a high foot, in which my dear father tipt off his last Sacrament, after disinheriting and defrauding me of the greatest part of my patrimony, by sinking and destroying a deed, and setting up another to defeat me, and, contrary to all right and justice, to settle the said estate (thirteen years after the first deed,) on a most execrable, vile, detestable monster, who is commonly called or known by the name of Dr. Michael Stanhope, who, by his wicked intrigues and base ascendancy over a credulous deluded father and mother, devoured the inheritance of his brothers and sisters, drove two of his brothers to absolute despair, for want of subsistence, after the decease of his father; insomuch, that one brother (viz. Philip) shot himself, and the other (viz. Henry) drank himself to death; and other brothers and sisters, though they forebore such violent courses, he robbed and cheated so much, as to abridge them of the more comfortable way of living they would have been in if they had had their right, and a due proportion of their patrimony.—Item, As I ever was of opinion that pompous funerals, attended with great expenses, are a ridiculous and foolish piece of pageantry, tending more to enrich a ravenous undertaker, in helping him off with his old rotten tattered wares, than to do any true or real honour to the dead, I desire that mine may be done in the plainest manner, without any escutcheons or achievements being put upon the house where I shall happen to die. And I do

hereby farther desire, that none may be invited to my burial, and that no one relation of any kind, or friend whatsoever, do put themselves into any kind of mourning for me; for, though it be customary and natural for people through their weakness and infirmities to grieve and afflict themselves for departed friends, I think it more rational for them, according to the custom of eastern countries, to rejoice at their being delivered from a ridiculous world, full of plagues and continual vexations of one kind or another.—*Item*, I will and desire, that none attend me to my grave, unless a servant or servants, with one coach and a hearse, and the parish-officers to put me in; and I would be buried in the church of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, and be carried at or after twelve o'clock at night, that gazing fools may be in bed; but, if it should be an inconvenient hour for the parson to sit up so late, then I would be carried out of London at that time, and lodged at some inn or other house at Newington, and buried at eight o'clock the following morning."

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VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Character of the Russians, and a detailed History of Moscow. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. With a dissertation on the Russian Language, and an Appendix containing tables, political, statistical, and historical, &c. &c. By Robert Lyall, M. D. &c. 4to. 1824.

Few persons have enjoyed such favourable opportunities of studying the national character of the Russians as Dr. Lyall, who resided amongst them a number of years, during which period his professional capacity afforded him access to all ranks of society. In the present state of European politics the opinions of such an observer cannot but be regarded as highly valuable.

The first portion of the present volume is devoted to the character of the Russians, and the facts and observations there recorded by Dr. Lyall are calculated to produce a very unfavourable impression upon the reader's mind. The inhabitants of this vast empire appear to have almost all the vices of barbarous life still clinging about them. If we may believe Dr. Lyall, civilization has only half done its work in Russia upon the minds of the people. In external appearances, and in the polish of their manners, the higher ranks differ but little from the

individuals who occupy the same station in the other European communities; but in learning, information and the solid virtues of life, they are often lamentably deficient. The severe character presented by the late Dr. Clarke of the Russian *men*, is, in all its substantial details, confirmed by Dr. Lyall. The narrative of the latter gentleman, page after page, bears such titles as the following—"insincerity of the Russians"—"instance of meanness and cruelty"—"disagreeable customs of the Russians"—"duplicity characteristic of the Russians"—"instance of ingratitude and perfidy," &c. &c. On the other hand, Dr. Lyall does not refuse to give the Russians credit for the virtues which he has observed in them. Even granting that the author may have conceived an unjust distaste for the people amongst whom he was residing, yet the facts which he adduces appear to afford sufficient evidence to bear him out in the general conclusions which he has formed. In no other capital of Europe would a foreigner have been able to collect so large a catalogue of vices and follies falling under his own immediate observation. Many of the anecdotes related by Dr. Lyall are highly amusing, and we regret our inability to transcribe a specimen of them.

The history of Moscow, which occupies the greater portion of the volume, is exceedingly full and interesting. It contains a detailed account of that city, from a very early period down to the rebuilding after the burning of it in 1812. The various accounts of the conflagration are given at length, and much curious information is added by the author. It may be remarked, as a peculiar feature of Dr. Lyall's work, that he has carefully examined the statements of preceding travellers, and contrasted them with the information with which his own experience furnished him.

The plates which illustrate the volume are well executed and interesting.

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Batavian Anthology; or Specimens of the Dutch Poets, with remarks on the Poetical Literature and Language of the Netherlands to the end of the seventeenth century. By John Bowring and Harry S. Vandyk. 12mo. 7s. 6d. 1824.

Mr. Bowring, who absolutely overruns the literature of all Europe, has no sooner dragged the poets of Russia from their frozen recesses, and introduced them to our more genial climate, than he endeavours to extricate the unfortunate Dutch bards from their fens, and to give them a footing on the terra firma of England. His next incursion, we observe, is to be amongst the Poles. If any race of poets could have reason to rejoice at their transplantation to a foreign soil, we imagine it must be these Batavian minstrels, who are fortunate in having found such able translators as Mr. Bowring and his coadjutor. In point of poetical merit, we are not inclined to judge very highly of the Batavian po-

ets from the specimens given in this Anthology. The following is a translation from one of the earliest Dutch poets, and, as the editor remarks, possesses the "natural feeling, without the exaggeration of the best epoch of Troubadour poetry."

"Now I will speed to the Eastern land, for there
my sweet love dwells,
Over hill and over valley, far over the heather, for
there my sweet love dwells:
And two fair trees are standing at the gates of my
sweet love,
One bears the fragrant nutmeg, and one the fra-
grant clove.
The nutmegs were so round, and the cloves they
smelt so sweet,
I thought a knight would court me, and but a mean
man meet.
The maiden by the hand, by her snow-white hand
he led,
And they travelled far away to where a couch was
spread;
And there they lay conceal'd through the loving
live-long night,
From evening to the morning till broke the gay
day-light;
And the sun is gone to rest, and the stars are shin-
ing clear,
I fain would hide me now in an orchard with my
dear;
And none should enter then my orchard's deep al-
cove,
But the proud nightingale that carols high above.
We'll chain the nightingale—his head unto his feet,
And he no more shall chatter of lovers when they
meet.
I'm not less faithful now, although in fetters bound,
And still will chatter on of two sweet lovers' wound."

Le Prince Raymond de Bourbon, ou des Passions après les Révolutions. 2 tomes. 12mo. (*Prince Raymond de Bourbon, or the Passions after the Revolutions.* 2 vols. 12mo.)

This is rather a remarkable production in its way, not only on account of the singularity of the story, but from the style and language, which are an imitation of those of the period in which the events are laid. In the course of this romance, the Count de la Tournaille gives a very minute account of the amours of his wife, the fair Countess de la Tournaille, who falls desperately in love with Prince Raymond de Bourbon, equally enamoured of her. The husband and historian of their loves paints in the most glowing colours the charms and excellent qualities of his wife's lover: he does not attempt to disguise the fears inspired by so dangerous a rival, and he calls upon his readers to sympathize in the sorrow he feels at perceiving that his wife's heart is preoccupied with the image of another instead of his own; and he develops, very philosophically, the means which he employed to regain her tenderness. He abandoned himself neither to despair, indifference, nor vengeance; he did not enforce or make any

rout about his legitimate rights; he sought not to avoid the danger by separating the impassioned pair. No his plan was more original, and one which, at the other side of the Pas de Calais, is not likely to have many imitations. He devoted the whole of his attention to the study of his wife's passion; he commiserated her mental struggles; he watched with the most intense anxiety the combats that took place in her soul between love and honour, while at the same time he affected total ignorance of all these doings; he sought to cure her of her passion without irritating her; and the more he became convinced of her sentiments in favour of the Prince, the more he became profuse of tender assiduities and affection towards her. Our limits do not permit us to follow into further detail the conduct of this model of husbands, nor to enumerate all the hot and cold fits he had to experience during the prosecution of this singular experiment; we can merely state that his praiseworthy efforts and superhuman patience met with success, and the long-tried virtue of his wife triumphed over her passion. However, for the sake of truth it must be added, that the lady's virtue was in some degree indebted for this victory to the absence of Prince Raymond de Bourbon, who had set out on his travels and married through despair a young and beautiful princess. Besides the singularity of this story, which is told with considerable spirit, this romance has another and superior merit, in exhibiting some strongly sketched portraits of the principal personages of the time, and a stirring picture of the court on the accession of Henry IV. after the termination of a long protracted civil war. This and other scenes are well described, and acquire an additional truth of colouring peculiar to the time, from the old but nervous and picturesque idiom in which they are conveyed. This romance is also worthy of attention, as being not the least successful imitation of the historical novels of the author of Waverley.

L'Europe et l'Amérique en 1822 et 1823. Par M. M. de Pradt. 2 tomes 8vo. (*Europe and America in 1823.* By M. De Pradt.)

This work, which has just appeared, is destined, if not to live long, at least to make a great noise while it does live. The author, M. de Pradt, is one of the most lively political writers of the present day; and though some are inclined to question the profundity or clearness of his views, and others are irreverent enough to term him a political harlequin, yet he has contrived to catch the public attention by the ear, for all his productions, be they light brochures or ponderous octavos, are eagerly bought up, read with avidity, and commented upon by critics of all sides and colours. He certainly has got the talent of exciting public curiosity by a taking title, and a piquant manner of presenting

things to their view, and has no little *tact* in taking advantage of the prevailing interest and *apropos* of the moment. In the preface to the present work he irresistibly arrests public attention by the following portentous flourish of trumpets, "It must not be concealed that all that has been passing in the two hemispheres during the last thirty years has been only the prelude to the action, the *denouement* of which is now at hand. Never has there been a grander spectacle offered to the eyes of mankind; never have results more important to humanity been on the point of accomplishment. See if I exaggerate, and say, if at this hour, as in former times, the combat is only from man to man, and not of a world to a world; if the present question is of the interest of individuals, and not rather of the interest of the species; of the ascertaining of certain portions of territory, and not rather of the assigning the place and rank which man should occupy in society. The result is inevitable. For a long period it has been evident that the time for settling the great social question was at hand; and that from discussions to discussions we should at length arrive at the foundation of the question. At that point we now are." There is a *morceau* to make the mouth of the most lukewarm politician water! Blessed are the publishers that have such *brochure* writers as M. de Pradt. The learned Abbé then takes an eagle-flight round Europe, throwing a rapid glance at each of its states as he wings his way, and then skims over the Atlantic, where he is equally concise yet comprehensive. The titles of some of the chapters are not a little piquant, and afford a characteristic specimen of the quick presto-begone and frisky manner in which our lively neighbours can treat the most vast and important matter. E. g. *Coup d'œil sur le monde* in six pages. The same upon Europe—Can Europe become Constitutional?—Has Europe the right of becoming Constitutional? Ancient and modern Civilization in Europe—Real state of the social World—The Wish of Europe—Liberty of the Press in 1822—with many others of equally attractive titles. But notwithstanding this little dash of Charlatanism, there is both information and a certain degree of talent in the book. At all events it will sell, and be talked of, and that is the chief look out both of writer and publisher.

INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. SOUTHEY (the Laureate) is about to publish "A Tale of Paraguay," in a 12mo volume.

An Epic Poem is shortly expected from the pen of the Ettrick Shepherd, entitled "Queen Hynde."

Among the literary novelties of the day, we hear that "Memoirs of Captain Rock, the celebrated Irish Chieftain, with some Account of his Ancestors," are about to make their appearance, *written by himself!*

Mrs. HOFFLAND has another tale in the press, entitled "Decision."

It is reported that "The Memoirs of a late celebrated English Countess," the intimate friend of an Illustrious Personage, written by herself, will appear in the course of the present month.

We understand that a new Translation of "Josephus, the Jewish Historian," has lately been undertaken by a Clergyman of the Established Church.

CAPTAIN BROOKE has the following works nearly ready for the press, viz.—

1. A Narrative of a short Residence in Norwegian Lapland, with an account of a Winter's Journey performed with Rein-Deer, through Norwegian Russia, and Swedish Lapland, interspersed with numerous plates and various particulars relating to the Laplanders.

2. Lithographic illustrations of a Journey across Lapland, from the shores of the Polar Sea to the Gulf of Bothnia, chiefly with Rein-Deer, and during the month of December, showing the manner in which the Laplanders perform their winter Expeditions, the appearances of the Northern Lights, and the most striking features and incidents that occurred during the above period.

MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The learned President, Sir Humphrey Davy, bart. in a paper on the cause of the corrosion and decay of copper used for covering the bottoms of ships, read before the Royal Society, has pointed out a simple, effectual, and economical method of remedying this evil. The cause, he ascertained, was a weak chemical action, which is constantly exerted between the saline contents of sea water and the copper. He finds that a very small surface of tin, or other oxidable metal, any where in contact with a large surface of copper, renders it negatively electrical, that sea water has no action upon it; and a little mass of tin brought even in communication by a wire with a large plate of copper, entirely preserves it. By the desire of the Lords of the Admiralty, he is now bringing this discovery to actual practice on ships of war. A patent, which had for its object the remedying of the same evil, was lately taken out by Mr. Mushet, of the Mint; and it is a curious fact, that the means he recommends for improving the copper employed in sheathing is—alloying it with a very small portion of tin, or of zinc, or of arsenic, or of antimony.

USE OF SUGAR AS AN ANTIDOTE TO LEAD IN CASES OF POISONING.

The following fact has been stated by M. Reynard to the Société des Sciences of of Lisle. During the campaign of Russia several loaves of sugar had been enclosed in a chest containing some flasks of extract of lead. One of these flasks having been broken, the liquid escaped, and the sugar became impregnated with it. During the

distresses of the campaign it was necessary to have recourse to this sugar; but far from producing the fatal results which were expected, the sugar formed a salutary article of nourishment to those who made use of it, and gave them a degree of vigor and activity which was of the greatest service in enabling them to support the fatigues of marching. Hence M. Reynard thinks that sugar might be adopted for preventing the effects of subacetate of lead, instead of the sulphates of soda, and of magnesia, which are not always at hand.

MRS. FRY.

At Chelmsford Sessions the Magistrates discussed the question whether some respectable females of that town, disciples of Mrs Fry, should be allowed to visit the prisoners in the gaol occasionally; and, on coming to a vote, they rescinded, by a majority of twenty-five to seven, the permission which had been given by three of the five visiting magistrates. The prison, it was said, was a Church of England establishment, and it might be dangerous to permit Sectarians to give instructions to the prisoners! Besides, prayers from the liturgy were read every morning by the Chaplain, as directed by the late act, and it would be extremely indelicate, and hurtful to his feelings as a minister and a gentleman, to permit others to interfere with the moral improvement of the prisoners!

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH,

Liverpool, is an object of considerable architectural interest for its taste, and having been nearly the first cast-iron church erected in the kingdom, the whole of the framework of the windows, doors, pillars, groins, roofs, pulpit, and ornamental enrichments are of cast-iron. The length is 119 feet; the breadth 47. It is ornamented by a splendid window of stained glass. The tower raised to the height of 96 feet, and standing on a hill, the site of an ancient sea-beacon, is elevated 345 feet above high-water mark, and commands one of the finest views in the kingdom, comprehending the town and shipping of Liverpool, the estuary of the Mersey, the level surface of Lancashire, as far as the eye can trace the prospect, with the craggy hills of Wales towards the west, and towards the north-east the distant mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

CHLORINE, A REMEDY IN FEVER.

Dr. Brown employs chlorine in solution in cases of the scarlet fever, he says with the utmost success. From a tea-spoonful to a table-spoonful is given every two or three hours, without the addition of any other substance. The solution should be fresh, and swallowed quickly to avoid coughing; in the sore throat sometimes accompanying the fever, it is more easily swallowed than mucilaginous drinks. As the disease declines, the quantity of medicine is diminished: the whole quantity in the cases of children has never exceeded two ounces, and in adults five ounces.

LITERARY DISCOVERY.

A Latin MS., undoubtedly by Milton, long supposed to be irrecoverably lost, has just been discovered at the State Paper Office. The subject is religious, and the arguments are all drawn from the Scriptures. There are many Hebrew quotations, and the work is one of considerable bulk, as it contains 735 pages, many of them closely written, and believed to be in the handwriting of the poet's nephew, Phillips, with many interlineations in a different hand. It was found in an envelope addressed to Cyriac Skinner, Merchant. The situation which Milton held, of Latin Secretary to Cromwell, will account for such a discovery being made in the State Paper Office.

MR. BELZONI.

The following is part of a letter received from this indefatigable traveller, dated Cape Coast,* Oct. 26th, by a gentleman of Cambridge:—

"I write to you, my dear friend, by a transport which is just sailing for England, and send you a few lines in haste. I cannot enter at present into a detail of all the events which brought me to this coast, but reserve them till I write you more fully. I am only able now to tell you, that I am going to take a northern direction from the kingdom of Benin†, straight up to Haussa. Benin is situated on the east of this coast, and the route I intend to take is over a tract of land entirely unknown, so that I hope I shall not be deemed an intruder in the path of northern travellers. I shall endeavour to give you a full account, if possible from Benin; but I fear it will be a long time before you receive any of my letters from that quarter. If God please, I hope to meet the Niger on the east of Haussa, previous to my reaching the capital of that kingdom. I shall not fail to write to you by the first opportunity of a caravan to the north. I could not take many notes of what I could observe at this place, and I am surprised that so little is known of it in England, or, indeed of the settlements on this coast. In my voyage here, I fortunately met with an English gentleman, captain of a man of war, a native of Plymouth, who, in consequence of the death of Sir R. Mends, has taken the command of the squadron on this coast, as senior officer. He is enthusiastic in every thing that relates to discovery, and I feel myself highly indebted to this gentleman for the kind assistance he has afforded me in the furtherance of my views; and it is grateful to me, and I thank God, that I have met with an Englishman who has in some measure balanced the injuries I have sustained from those I will not name to you at Tangier. Remember me most kindly to all friends. I shall write to you again as soon as I am able."

* Cape Coast Castle is a fortress on the coast of Guinea, in latitude 5 deg. north. It is the chief of our settlements in those parts.

† Benin is seated near the river of the same name; in latitude 8 deg. 40 min. north.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Two mummies, lately brought from Egypt by M. Caillaud, were lately opened at Paris. One of these had been remarked for its size and extraordinary weight. The head bore a crown, formed of plates and buttons of copper gilt, imitating the leaves and young fruit of the olive. Attention was also much attracted by the case, on which were painted figures resembling those on the zodiac of Denderah. A Greek inscription was also observed upon it, nearly defaced. The name of Pentemenon was found also on a bit of papyrus, which seemed to have been placed between the folds of the dress. Much curiosity having been excited respecting it, M. M. Caillaud consented to open it. There were present a great number of distinguished persons. The mummy was first weighed in its envelopements, and found to be 106 killo. The length was 1m. 90c.; the size of the head 42c.; and its circumference 1m. 38c.; the breadth of the shoulders was 47c. &c. &c. After this an outer bandage was taken off, which confined to the body a cloth covered with paintings and hieroglyphics little observed in Egypt. Under this were other wrappings, solid, and forming the first envelope, which were easily removed. The second envelope was fastened round the neck with a knot, which the sailors call a flat knot (*nœud plat*). Beneath were a few finer bandages, like napkins or large pieces of cloth. In the next envelope, larger, thicker, and older bandages were found; also four Egyptian tunics, without sleeves and unsewn, to apply them close to the body. This was fixed by black bitumen round the head and feet. The next envelope consisted of bandages placed lengthways, from the feet to the head, with transversal bands; four large pieces then wrapped the body, of the finest linen. The sixth envelope was formed of transversal bands, of a yellow colour, from the bitumen in which they had been soaked. After this were fifteen pieces of a similar colour. The seventh and last envelope was saturated with black bitumen, and formed six different pieces, stuck together with balsam. After which came a slender covering, and then the body. The toes were wrapped separately; the arms and hands were extended on the thighs. The subject was of the masculine sex, and appeared about forty-five or fifty years of age at most. The length was 5 feet 3 inches 9 lines French measure (about 5 feet 9 inches English). The breast and part of the abdomen were gilt. The body was filled with a black balsam. No MS. was found; but large masses of black balsam were discovered on the legs. The unrolling the body took three hours, and 2800 square feet of cloth were taken off. M. Caillaud found several parts of the arms were also gilt. The hands long, and very well preserved; the fingers well made and plump; the ears entire; and the nose, although injured by the extraction of the brain, little deformed. The face was less inclined than in ordinary mummies. The

hair was perfectly preserved, fine, and a little curled. On the left side was an opening, about five inches in diameter, by which the balsam was introduced into the body. Under the cloth which covered the face below each eye, on the ball of the cheek, a gold plate was found, with the representation of an eye with the lids. On the mouth was another plate, with a representation of a tongue placed perpendicularly to the closing of the lips, which were fast shut. The conjectures respecting their usages are of course vague and unsatisfactory.

The six Universities in the kingdom of the Netherlands contain the following proportion of students. Liege, 446; Leyden, 402; Utrecht, 377; Louvain, 326; Ghent, 286; Groningen, 290; Total, 2127. In 1323, no less a sum than 242,246 florins was wholly devoted to these objects, out of a revenue by no means over-abundant. This amount is entirely independent of provincial and local expenditure for the same purposes.

EGGS AND POTATOES.

The Scotch method of preserving eggs, by dipping them in boiling water, which destroys the living principle, is too well known to need farther notice. The preservation of potatoes, by a similar treatment, is also a valuable and useful discovery. Large quantities may be cured at once, by putting them into a basket as large as the vessel containing the boiling water will admit, and then just dipping them a minute or two at the utmost. The germ, which is so near to the skin, is thus "killed," without injuring the potatoe. In this way several tons might be cured in a few hours. They should then be dried in a warm oven, and laid up in sacks or casks, secure from the frost, in a dry place. Another method of preserving this valuable root is, first to peel them, then to grate them down to a pulp, which is put into coarse cloths, and the water squeezed out by putting them into a common press, by which means they are formed into flat cakes.

Died, at the age of 126 years and 3 days, *Mr Thadey Doorley*, a respectable farmer, residing near the Hill of Allen, county of Kildare. He retained his faculties to the last moment, and was able to take field amusement within the last six months of his life. He was married about nineteen years ago, at the age of one hundred and seven, to a woman of thirty-one years of age.

NEW WORKS.

The Ionian, or Woman in the Nineteenth Century; by Miss Renou. 3 vols. 1l. 1s.

Henry Fitzroy, the Young Midshipman. 18mo. 2s. boards.

JEUX D'ESPRIT.

To a Lady, on seeing her take her Watch from her Bosom, complaining it did not go right.

How could you, Mira, think that watch
The measur'd pulse of time could catch,
Where time's unknown? for what's placed there
Loses all sense of time and care.